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of the
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of the
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Washington, D. C.,
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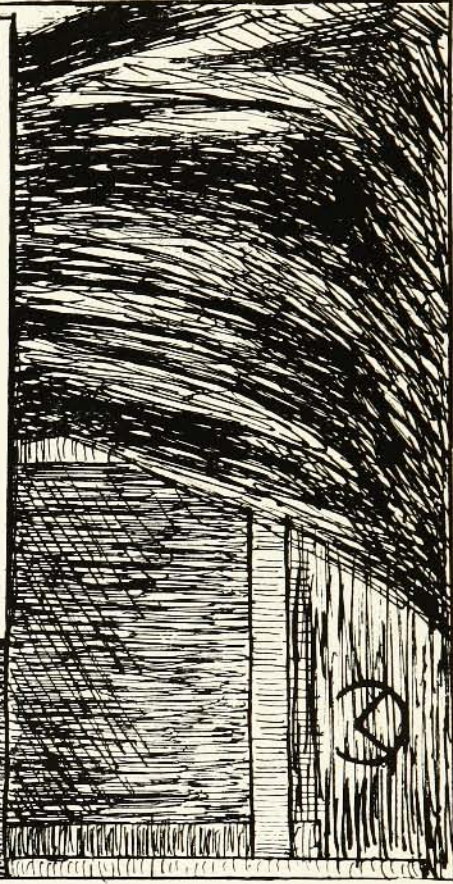
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Columbian College.

Founded 1821

By an Act of Congress.



Preface-

FOR the third time in the history of the College the Columbiad makes its appearance.

We have endeavored to improve on the preceding volumes and to make our Annual of such value and interest, as a record of College days, that the students will not willingly let such a publication die, but strive each successive year to edit a better one.

To those who have aided us we extend our grateful thanks.

To those who would criticise we say:—Our task has been a trying one. We have had many difficulties to overcome, but we feel confident of your favor when we add,—We have done the very best we could.

THE EDITORS.



BENAJAH L. WHITMAN, D. D.

*To thee, Columbian's President,
The Editors present this book of College days.
To thee, our leader into grand, untrodden ways
Of aspiration and of larger life,
This book, expressive of Columbian's hope
For things that are and things that are to be,
We dedicate to thee.*



College Calendar.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1897-'98.



1897.

September 27.—Examination of candidates for admission.

September 29.—Session began.

November 25-27.—Thanksgiving Recess.

December 1.—Annual Meeting of Alumni.

December 24-January 4, 1898.—Christmas Recess.

1898.

January 17.—First Term examinations began.

January 31.—Beginning of Second Term.

February 15.—Destruction of Maine. Indignation Meeting.

February 22.—Washington's Birthday. Reception to Students.

April 8-11.—Easter Recess.

May 9.—Examination for Degrees.

May 18.—Second Term examinations began.

May 29.—Baccalaureate Sermon.

May 30.—Decoration Day.

June 1.—Doctorate Disputation.

June 1.—University Commencement.

June 20.—Session of the Summer School begins.

❧ Annual Lectures ❧

1898.



| | |
|---|-----------|
| Professor J. H. GORE, The Decimal System of Measures and its History, | March 15. |
| Professor M. M. RAMSEY, Literary Development in Latin-America, | March 22. |
| Professor JOHN ST. CLAIR BROOKS, Spain under Roman Rule, | March 29. |
| Professor WILLIAM ALLEN WILBUR, The Making of a Writer, | April 5. |
| Professor HERMANN SCHOENFELD, The Literary Side of the Classic School of German Historians, | April 12. |
| Professor EDWARD B. POLLARD, The Higher Criticism, or the Result of the Modern Historical Method upon Bible Study, | April 19. |
| Professor LEE DAVIS LODGE, History of the Matrix of the Law, | April 26. |
| WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, Six lectures on Art. | |



The University Corporation.

BENAIAH L. WHITMAN, D. D.,
President of the Corporation.



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THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.



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FACULTY.



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| WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. | Professor of Fine Arts. |
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| WILLIAM ALLEN WILBUR, A. M. | Professor of English. |
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| CHARLES C. SWISHER, PH. D. | Acting Professor of History. |
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•CLASS



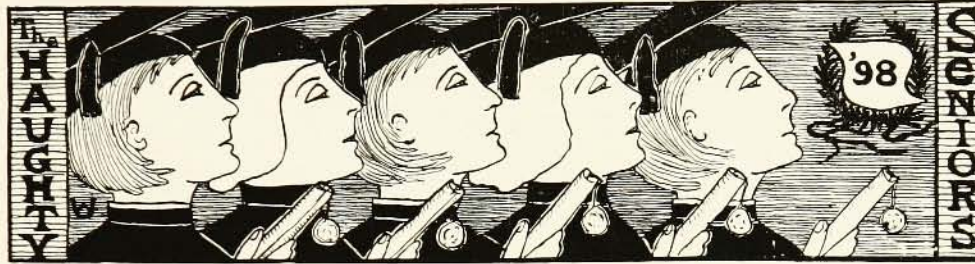
THROUGH EVOLUTION'S STAGES
EACH ONE PASSED.
AS FRESHMAN, SOPHOMORE,
JUNIOR, SENIOR - LAST.



HISTORIES.



SENIOR CLASS.



*** Senior Class. ***

Motto: Tenax propositi.

Colors: Olive and white.

Flower: White Rose.

Yell: Alle Menschen haben Namen ;

So haben wir

Acht und neunzig : acht und neunzig ;

Wir sind hier.

Class Officers.

President, Reed Paige Clark.

Secretary, Elise Bradford.

Vice-President, Mary S. Hinman.

Treasurer, Thatcher Clark.

Class Day Officers.

Historian, Gertrude E. Metcalf.

Poet, G. Carroll Hoover.

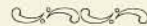
Prophet, Albert R. Stuart.

Orator, C. G. Storm.

Historian for Annual, Frances M. Jacobs.

Members.

| | |
|--|------------------------------|
| Bradford, Elise, Π B Φ , | 1522 P Street, N. W. |
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| Clark, Thatcher | 1628 Riggs Place, N. W. |
| Harlan, Quirof | 14 Sixth Street, N. W. |
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| Hoover, G. Carroll | 33 Quincey Street, N. E. |
| Jacobs, Frances M., Π B Φ , | 1327 Eleventh Street, N. W. |
| Metcalf, Gertrude E. | 1631 Marion Street, N. W. |
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| Storm, C. G. | K Street, N. E. |
| Stuart, Albert R. | 1226 Fifteenth Street, N. W. |



Special Students.

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Baker, Kathryn Streit | Alexandria, Va. |
| Concklin, Amy Louise | 1132 Twenty-fifth Street, N. W. |
| Pace, Roy Bennett, A. B., Φ K Σ , | 1668 Thirteenth Street, N. W. |
| Ware, William G., A. B. | Lonsdale, R. I. |

Senior Class History.



THE finest class that ever came to Columbian? Of course, we are ! Why, even the members of the Class of '97 acknowledged that when we were mere Freshmen. Well indeed for them that they did, for as we far excelled them in numbers it was much wiser on their part to acknowledge the fact gracefully. Now, of course, every one acknowledges the same thing, for we have grown to be seniors, and in that capacity exact the admiration and awe of one and all.

Thirty strong we came—with just as different temperaments as there were persons. We were not always as dignified as we are now,—we were young once, and many were the pranks of those Freshman days. Yet life was not all fun ; for the members of '98 came to learn, and learn they did—even many things outside the covers of text-books.

Growing up together, as we were, we scarcely realized the evolution which was taking place in our numbers. It would be quite impossible to tell of each, individually, but we must mention a few examples. Who can realize that our distinguished class-president with all his worldly wisdom is that same unsophisticated, long-haired "Freak" of our early days. When we see a sweet little matron with her son, "almost too large now to be still called a baby," it is just as hard to realize that only a few years ago she was here absorbed in the intricacies of "aio" and sin. $x + \sin. y = 2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} (x + y) \cos. \frac{1}{2} (x - y)$.

So the years have come and gone bringing their many changes, working their good and evil. Some of our members have left their Alma Mater to seek fields of labor in other colleges ; a few have been drawn from our ranks by the attractions of the business world ; and many too ambitious to go our measured pace, hastened a little and graduated a year earlier. Did you hear several people say last year, "What a splendid graduating class!"? Are you aware that it was nearly all made up of '98 students?

But there, you will think we're boasting, and it does sound that way—but we have never before had a real good chance to tell you all our merits, and we don't intend to let the opportunity pass.

And time's changes are not noticeable alone in our class : Wherever we turn our eyes we see them. The Class of '98 has witnessed that first stupendous outburst of enthusiasm which surprised all Washington and shook the rafters of Convention Hall on the occasion of our honored President's induction into office. And the class of '98 will enjoy the distinction of graduation at the first joint commencement of the University, when that same vast structure will once more be filled to overflowing with the friends of Columbian.

Amongst the Faculty five of the present members were not here when we came. One marriage has occurred among them during our incumbency, and only one bachelor remains. We leave him to the tender mercies of the classes that follow us.

From among those who greeted us we miss the cheery voice and kindly smile of one to whom all students looked for counsel and encouragement—one who has left us to fill the presidential chair of another institution.

When we cast a backward glance over the career of '98, we observe that "individuality" has been one of our strong points. No one can rightfully accuse us of having been monotonous. Like the champion German band, we could keep more different kinds of time and key than any organization in existence. Thanks to this "individuality" we have not yet been able to decide on a class pin and perhaps never will. Yet we have generally managed somehow to arrive at a decision on important matters ; or, as a Freshman would say, "We get there." So we have class colors, a motto, and most of the other paraphernalia pertaining to a class organization.

And now the time for leave-taking has come. As we look back over the four years they seem very short. Yet they have been crowded with events the memories of which will remain with us always. They have contained much hard work, many pleasures, and some sorrows. But as the distance increases between those years and ourselves the recollections of the sorrows will grow fainter while the memory of our happy times in Columbian will remain with us, making our undergraduate days as dear as they are to every old alumnus.

With love and gratitude to our Faculty, with heartiest good feeling to our under-classmen, with best wishes to each and all, the Class of '98 bids you "*Queden Vds. con Dios.*"





*** Junior Class. ***

Motto: "Vivere est cogitare."

Color: Garnet.

Flower: American Beauty Rose.

Yell: Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine!

Who will find? Who will find?

Such a class as Ninety-nine!

Class Officers.

President, Preston B. Ray.

Secretary, J. William Beatty.

Vice-President, Frances C. Newlands.

Treasurer, George Irving Raybold.

Historian for Class and Annual, Elsie Madeleine McKelden.

Members.

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Altschu, John Henry, $\Theta \Delta X$, | 1334 G Street, N. W. |
| Beatty, J. William, | 113 G Street, N. W. |
| Berry, George Magruder, | 2017 H Street, N. W. |
| Brown, Lorenzo Starr, Jr., $\Pi K A$, J., | 1308 Roanoke Street. |
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| Harlan, Rolvix, | 1229 Tenth Street, S. E. |
| Hobson, Alphonzo Augustus, | 473 H Street, N. W. |
| Manning, William L., $\Theta \Delta X$, J., | 1511 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W. |
| Mason, Selma M., | 1827 H Street, N. W. |
| McKelden, Elsie Madeleine | 724 Fifth Street, N. E. |
| Mitchell, William, $\Phi K \Psi$, | 32 B Street, N. E. |
| Newlands, Frances C., | Chevy Chase, Md. |
| Norris, Etheldreda Lord, $\Pi B \Phi$, | 710 Third Street. |
| Peelle, Stanton C., $\Theta \Delta X$, | The Concord. |
| Ray, Preston Blair, $\Phi K \Psi$, | Forest Glen, Md. |
| Raybold, George Irving, | 820 North Carolina Avenue, S. E. |
| Rogers, Samuel H., | Hamilton, Va. |
| Smith, Ina, | Shoreham, Vt. |
| Sterrett, Robert, $\Theta \Delta X$, | Springland, D. C. |
| Underwood, Wilbur St. John, | 1407 Tenth Street, N. W. |

Junior Class History.



WITH dauntless hearts and valiant countenances we, the Class of '99, drawn up in battle array, stood majestically before the great doors of learning one memorable day in 1895. No white flag of truce, denoting the craven heart, fluttered from our flagstaff; not even the vivid green, denoting verdancy, the ordinary symbol of Freshman innocence. No! a banner of blood-red hue waved inspiringly in the breeze, reflecting the glow of youth and vigor, telling of the great love of conflict lying within the heart of each member of our noble class and urging us all on to do or die.

Fearlessly we knocked at the doors, and lo! with one accord, they swung open. The Sophomores, our traditional enemies, seeing the martial bearing of their ancient foe, trembled and then waving aloft a white flag, still tinged with the green of former days (by the way, though Seniors now, they still retain these colors), and shouting "*Amor omnia vincit*," rushed to receive us with open arms. The upper classmen, perceiving the fruitlessness of a conflict whose cause was hopeless, threw down their weapons of dignity, arrogance and pride and joyously welcomed us. The Professors, headed by the then new President—a man who first belongs to the Class of '99, for he also entered Columbian's halls for the first time in '95—beamed proudly upon us and remarked: "Here at last is a class." Thus, three years ago we were ushered into our life of work and pleasure in old Columbian. Maintaining our martial bearing we have met and conquered all obstacles. The Sophomores never dared to molest us and we passed through our Freshman year unchallenged and feared by all. Even the College trembled when the Class of '99 held a class meeting. And this reputation has been retained throughout our college course. To oppose us has ever been to get more than was bargained for. Whenever our wills clashed with others behold 'twas not the Class of '99 that came off vanquished.

But our wide-spread influence has always been exerted toward the improving of the College. Since our arrival—and the new President's—the College has advanced rapidly. When our "Tempus" Fugitt, who boasted of attendance on two classes alone, "chapel and foot ball," was chosen captain of the foot-ball team of '95, there was no doubt as to its complete success. Led by him it was crowned by victory in every encounter, and it has paved the way for the establishment of the illustrious University team of '97-'98. Through the energy of members of our class, a chess club was formed in '95-'96, a tennis club in '97 and a track team in the same year. This last, since its formation, has done excellent work

and chiefly by the running of the one member of our class belonging to it, it has won second place in the two meets at Philadelphia in '97, '98, respectively.

Indeed, it can be said with no egotism, that all the honors won in athletics are mainly due to the efforts of our energetic members.

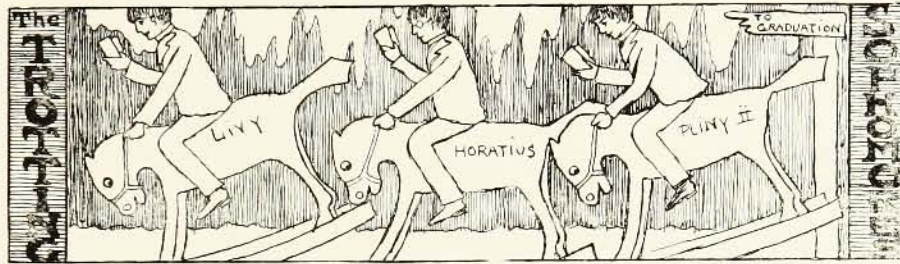
In the collegiate department proper, everywhere, the strong minds and great talents of our class have been seen. Advancing far beyond the required studies, especially in Latin, we have laid low all the wandering ghosts of Homer, Plautus, Plato, Hume, Locke and many others who have hitherto inspired terror in the hearts of timid undergraduates. We have, indeed, astounded our Professors.

And because of our steady and continual faithfulness, we have won a most enviable reputation. What has the Class of '99 not done?

Who first conceived the project of presenting our beloved Dr. Montague with a souvenir from the College? And having conceived it, who was most energetic in accomplishing it and in the end triumphantly presented it? The Juniors. Who worked most actively for the purpose of having Columbian College represented in the great Cleveland Student Convention, but the Juniors, and they as a reward obtained five out of the six delegates sent. Who were the first to have College caps of blue, decorated with '99 in gold, but the Juniors? And finally, what class is most largely represented on the Board of Editors of the Columbiad, but the Juniors? For four out of the ten members belong to the Class of Ninety-nine. In short, what class can be depended upon more for devising schemes; what for accomplishing them, than the Juniors? Where can be found a more eloquent orator than the "*Pres*"ident of the Junior Class? (Especially when there are Spanish flags to be burned.) Who in all things have stood first and foremost? We answer: "The Class of Ninety-nine." We have had many a struggle; we have become skilled in the use of weapons, both of offence and defence. We have fought many a battle and we have ever won the victory.

And it is with gladness that we now contemplate our onward stride in martial law and order, for our men thoroughly trained to fight bravely (?), trained to obey the voice of the gallant president of our class (all honor to him), trained above all to know that when duty and honor calls there is no time to lose in responding to the appeal, have offered themselves to maintain their country's cause.

And both we who go and we who stay, taking as our motto, one denoting a more serious insight into the meaning of life than we have had hitherto, "*Vivere est cogitare*," are so striving that when the call comes to march forth to the battle of life, we shall be able to go forth to victory.



❖ ❖ ❖ Sophomore Class. ❖ ❖ ❖

Motto : τολμῶμεν σοφαὶ εἶναι.

Colors : Old Rose and Corn color.

Flower : Rose-colored Peony.

Yell : One, two, three, four !

'98 Sophomore !

Rug, jug, jug,

Rug, jug, jug,

Sis ! Boom ! Ah !



Class Officers.

President, George B. Chase.

Vice-President, Lilian Sherman.

Secretary, Elsie E. Parkinson.

Treasurer, H. Tennyson Domer.

Historian for Class and Annual, Rosalie A. Robinette.

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| Coburn, Harry C., ΣX , | 2111 G Street, N. W. |
| Dart, Ruth A., | 1416 R. I. Ave., N. W. |
| Domer, Harry Tennyson, $\Theta \Delta X$, | 738 11th Street, N. W. |
| Gillis, W. Weir, $\Theta \Delta X$, | 1454 R. I. Ave., N. W. |
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| Halford, Dean, $\Phi K \Psi$, | Washington, D. C. |
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| Robinette, Rosalie A., $\Pi B \Phi$, | 301 Md. Ave., N. E. |
| Sherman, Lillian, $\Pi B \Phi$, | Cleveland Park, D. C. |
| Sterrett, William Dent, $\Theta \Delta X$, | Springland, D. C. |
| Wescott, Edna Rose, | Cleveland Park, D. C. |
| Wright, Matilda, | 225 13th Street, N. W. |

History of Sophomore Class.



NOW it came to pass in the days of the Spanish negotiations, that a band of young men and maidens did assemble even in the halls of the Columbian College, to inscribe their names for a second time upon the register thereof and to welcome with gracious kindliness the entering class of young and timid children. And for many moons did they dwell together in peace, until the Freshmen did begin to think themselves men, and did laugh to scorn the admonitions of their wiser brethren and did think evil in their hearts concerning them.

And behold in due season did the Freshmen meet in the college chapel to take unto themselves rulers, and the Sophomores, kind of heart, did ascend into the gallery, bearing in their hands vessels of clear water wherewith to refresh the children, and likewise cymbals to amuse the babes by the clashing thereof. But the Freshmen were filled with unreasoning anger so that they did open fire upon the Sophomores with "Gospel Hymns Nos. 5 and 6," to the wanton destruction thereof and the defilement of the sacred place. Then did the Sophomores wax wroth, saying the one to the other, "Verily these children do grow impertinent and do need chastisement," so they confined them within the chapel by the locking of the doors thereof. Whereupon the Freshmen did use profane language, while the Sophomores did exhort them from the gallery.

Now there arose a traitor in the land and he did unlock the doors and the Freshmen did stream forth raging, and did confine the Sophomores within the gallery by the locking of the doors thereof. But the muscles of a certain Sophomore were turned to iron so that the door did fall before him and behold the Freshmen were badly left. Now did a score of Freshmen fall upon the three Sophomores and catching thereby a couple of Tartars they did cry aloud for help.

Then came forth from his sanctum the reverend dean, who did forthwith descend the stairs, spreading out his hands and saying; "Peace, gentlemen, peace." And there was peace.

And in those days the Sophomores did wish to do good to all Freshmen, therefore they did invite a Freshman to visit a beautiful lady and did anoint his head with sweet-savored gum and did give him a free ride in the herdic, but the Freshman was wroth and bad words did issue from his mouth, so that the Sophomores were shocked and did reason with the erring child.

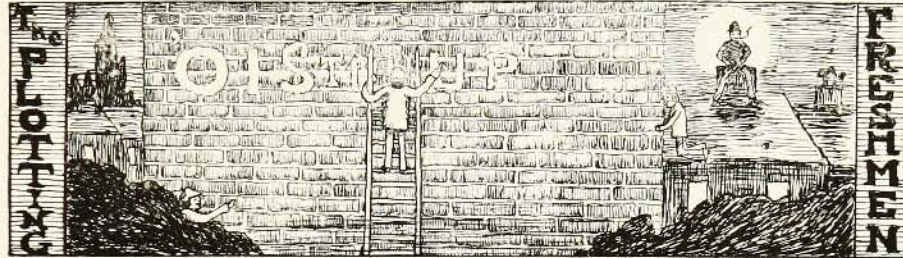
Now a voice was heard crying on the campus, "Lo, these many days have we kept the peace (being forced thereto). Let us now do something lest peradventure the Sophs do guess how greatly we fear them. Let us now go to Mulligan's Hill and there uproot a young sapling and let us fashion therefrom a cane and dare the Sophs to take it."

And they did so, gathering in foot-ball raiment upon the campus and crying to the ten Sophomores, "Come now if ye be indeed men and possess yourselves of our sapling." And the Sophomores did so and brake the sapling in twain, generously allowing the Freshmen to keep a fourth part thereof. But the vacuums 'neath the hats of the Freshmen did most wondrously expand and they did grow worldly-minded, raising a banner in the very streets of the city and crying, "Behold how small is the number of the Sophs! Let us therefore sail in and do them." But lo, the Sophomores did do the Freshmen and did remove from the street the unsightly object, which the Freshmen had erected and took from them with gentle firmness many strange vanities, such as canes and shoes of rubber and banners and umbrella sticks. All which trophies did the Sophomores offer upon the altar of the goddess of wisdom just before the exams (which probably accounts for the fact that every last one of them flunked in French).

Now the Sophomore girls did wear certain colors, which the Freshmen did long to possess because that they could not afford to buy any. So they did attack the Sophomore girls on the installment plan, meditating theft in their hearts. But the Sophomores did come out on top and thereafter did wear their colors until the Freshmen did weep and threaten to "get mad and take their tin dishes home." Whereupon the Sophomores did take the Freshmen to a jamboree at Cleveland Park and the babes did think their last hour had come and much frightened did repent them of their grievous sins. But the Sophs did comfort them with cake and did teach them the Virginia reel and did show them how to heap coals of fire upon the heads of evil-doers.

And now did the Sophomores climb to such lofty heights that the Freshmen did retire to obscure depths of woe, whence they have not emerged even unto the present day. For a banner plainly inscribed 1900 was raised to the heavens in mysterious wise and hung against the clouds thereof—and the Freshmen did despairingly leave the premises for the victorious Sophs to occupy.

But now that war cometh apace the Freshman forsaketh his evil way and the Sophomore forgiveth him and the boys do enlist together in the National Guard and the girls do scrape lint and mix Liebig's extract of beef. And Cuba being freed they will return in brotherly fashion to flunk together on the final exams.



❖ ❖ ❖ Freshman Class. ❖ ❖ ❖

Motto : πάντα νικῆσαι πετρὸν.

Colors : Magenta and White.

Flower : Carnation.

Yell : Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,

Boom, boom, bah !

'OI, 'OI, Rah ! rah ! rah !



Class Officers.

President, Hugh G. Foster.

Vice-President, Cecilia Franzoni.

Secretary, Harry B. Smith.

Historian for Class and Annual, Lucy E. Murray.

Members.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
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| Birch, Blanche L., | 1231 Thirty-first Street. |
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| Foster, Hugh G., | (1405 I Street) Coronado, Cal. |
| Franzoni, Cecilia, Π B Φ, | 605 I Street. |
| Frisby, Florence E., | 1607 Thirty-first Street. |
| Fuller, Charles F., | 612 L Street, N. E. |
| Fuller, Hubert Bruce, | (1615 Florida Avenue) Shelton, Conn. |
| Gannett, Farley, | 1881 Harewood Avenue. |
| Gillmore, Quincey A., | 1832 Jefferson Place. |
| Hadley, Mary L., | 1554 Howard Avenue. |
| Hance, Eleanor W. | Virginia. |
| Henderson, F. N., | Rockville, Md. |
| Knight, Evelyn Estelle, Π B Φ, | 1106 Maryland Avenue. |
| Lee, Helen, Π B Φ, | Bangor, Me. |
| Lynch, Sara P., Π B Φ, | Brookland, D. C. |
| Main, Charles W., | 1617 Seventeenth Street. |
| Matson, John Warren, | (2144 H Street, N. W.) Michigan. |
| Merrill, A. Luella, | St. Johnsbury, Vt. |
| Murray, Lucy E., Π B Φ, | Baltimore, Md. |
| North, James, | 1409 U Street. |
| Slaybaugh, George Eldred, | 1502 R Street. |
| Smith, Harry B., | 314 A Street, N. E. |
| Thönssen, Pearl Edna, | 1523 Fifth Street, N. W. |
| Underwood, Norman, | 1407 Tenth Street. |
| Whitney, Carl E., | Moore's Forks, N. Y. |

Freshman Class History.



*"The greatest class under the sun,
Is Columbian's class of 1901."*

YES, that's what every one says, so it must be true. We don't boast, it's too common. Sophs, Juniors and Seniors do that. But we have been told repeatedly that it is useless to deny our illustrious character, for it shines like "burnt orange," and cannot be hid. So now we accept all homage as our due.

Did you hear about our début? Well, it was the success of the season. Date, October 1st; place, Chapel.

The Faculty having met us informally before, greeted us with a satisfied smile, and—alas, that history should record it—the Seniors in their amazement forgot their newly-assumed dignity. For two years had they received the stammering, terrified Freshmen, and helped to make less startling the brilliance of their verdancy. But these were self-reliant and without the green. Yes, certainly, for '99 claims that.

We were told to sit on the east side of the chapel. The first four rows of chairs were reserved and—vacant. They belonged to 1900. The Sophs, having heard that 1901 wasn't all a joke, seated themselves on the west side, where they could have a full view. Their consternation was ill-concealed, and caused many a scowl from the Seniors and indifferent smile from the Juniors. All this time we were wholly unaware what terror our first appearance was creating. But when the hymn was being sung, we became conscious of a peculiar wailing, a wavering, woeful sound, and looking in the direction from whence it came, for the first time we saw our foes—the tremulo in their voices keeping time to the shaking of their knees, and the nervous trembling of their hands. For now Noughty-Nought realized its noughtiness. We had not expected to create a sensation, but who can resist Fate?

For some time there was a lull, during which time some of us were studying and practicing the equestrian art, for cavalry is a great benefit to a nation, and 1901 is very patriotic, you know.

Perhaps it was this that so speedily brought us to the conclusion that our class must be organized at once. We had been told that we were very attractive, and on the day of our first meeting we saw the proof. Every Soph left his lunch in order to be present. Seniors were there, too. Both classes had come to assist us, they said. Now we are ever ready to respond to a courtesy, so our would-be benefactors were ushered into the gallery. Coming to advise, they remained to applaud. The Sophs, to show how much they admired our knowledge of parliamentary law (having none themselves), donated one cent as a capital for our treasury. At last! This was their first acknowledgment that 01:00::1:0.

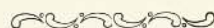
But not even this sufficed, so boundless was their charity. They could not understand how any one could accomplish so much and not be faint, so with great consideration they refreshed the class with a gentle shower. To this we objected, for April was months off. So our brave men returned the compliment in a more seasonable way. The only available objects were the hymn-books, which were promptly seized, and war began. Wherever a Soph's head appeared it quickly disappeared. It would have made you shiver to hear the howls of pain and wrath that accompanied the echoing reports. For the one quality of Sophomore heads is their hardness. For, not satisfied with one defeat, they wanted another. Having no canes themselves and longing for them, they determined to appropriate the collection of 1901. Accordingly, the Freshmen were prohibited the use of canes. The challenge was accepted and battle number two began. Seniors and Sophs united fought against us, while the "neutral" Juniors yelled and looked on. We won. A few ignorant subordinates say we didn't, but we got most of the canes and all the honor. Therefore, we won. "Where's the place?" Upon the broad expanse of mud and iron pipes behind the University, known to us as the "War-path," but I heard a Senior call it "Camp-us, Marsh-us," or something like that. I suppose he knows what it means, but don't ask us, for we don't use slang. Then proudly did our banner float over the scene of victory. But the crestfallen Sophs being anxious to see how their flag would look, removed ours and hoisted the 1900. In a shame-faced manner it drooped its head and refused to raise it. To spare 1900 the embarrassment we took it down and it now reposes contentedly among our numerous trophies.

Next came the competition in decorative art. The wall facing Columbian on the east was adorned in a most striking and original manner. The interest manifested by the judges, consisting of the President, Dean and a certain real-estate agent, was surprising. We had expected no such attention. But the decision was unfair. Instead of awarding us the prize, they gave it to the man, who for three days with scrubbing brush and acid labored so hard to remove 1901's masterpiece, at which even Raphael would have turned pale. The Faculty can testify that we are unconquerable, and both the wall and statistics show that 1901 is "still up and on top."



Theta Delta Chi.

Founded at Union College, 1847.



CHARGE ROLL.

Beta Cornell University.
Gamma Deuteron University of Michigan.
Epsilon Deuteron Yale University.
Zeta Brown University.
Eta Bowdoin College.
Theta Kenyon College.
Iota Harvard University.
Iota Deuteron Williams College.
Kappa Tufts College.
Lambda Boston University.
Mu Deuteron Amherst College.



Nu Deuteron Lehigh University.
Xi Hobart College.
Omicron Deuteron Dartmouth College.
Pi Deuteron College of the City of New York.
Rho Deuteron Columbia University.
Sigma Deuteron University of Wisconsin.
Tau Deuteron University of Minnesota.
Phi Lafayette College.
Chi University of Rochester.
Chi Deuteron Columbian University.
Psi Hamilton College.



❧ Theta Delta Chi. ❧

Chi Deuteron Charge.



ESTABLISHED 1896.



Colors : Black, White and Blue.

Journal : The Shield.

Active Members.

1898 :

H. H. D. Sterrett.

1899 :

J. Henry Altschu.

William S. Manning.

Stanton C. Peelle.

Robert Sterrett. *

1900 :

George G. Chase.

Gilbert W. Kelly.

Melville W. Lindsey.

Arthur Spear.

H. Tennyson Domer.

W. Weir Gillis.

Harry J. McKenny. *

William D. Sterrett.

Frater in Facultate,

Rev. J. Macbride Sterrett, D. D.

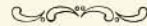
* Left College during the year.



Dyck & Pilsen

Phi Kappa Psi.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson College, 1852.



CHAPTER ROLL.

Pa. Alpha . . . Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Pa. Beta . . . Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
Pa. Gamma . . . Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Pa. Epsilon . . . Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.
Pa. Zeta . . . Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.
Pa. Eta . . . Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.
Pa. Theta . . . Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
Pa. Iota . . . University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Pa. Kappa . . . Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
N. Y. Alpha . . . Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.
N. Y. Beta . . . Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
N. Y. Gamma . . . Columbia University, New York City.
N. Y. Epsilon . . . Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
N. Y. Zeta . . . Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mass. Alpha . . . Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.
N. H. Alpha . . . Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Va. Alpha . . . University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Va. Beta . . . Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Va. Gamma . . . Hampden-Sidney College, Va.
W. Va. Alpha . . . University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.



Md. Alpha . . . Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
D. C. Alpha . . . Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Miss. Alpha . . . University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.
Ohio Alpha . . . Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.
Ohio Beta . . . Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Ohio Delta . . . University of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio.
Ind. Alpha . . . De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
Ind. Beta . . . University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ill.
Ind. Gamma . . . Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Mich. Alpha . . . University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Ill. Alpha . . . Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
Ill. Beta . . . University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Wis. Alpha . . . University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Wis. Gamma . . . Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
Minn. Beta . . . University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Ia. Alpha . . . University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.
Kan. Alpha . . . University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
Neb. Alpha . . . University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Cal. Beta . . . Leland Stanford, Jr., University . . . Cal.

❁ Phi Kappa Psi. ❁



D. C. Alpha Chapter.



ESTABLISHED 1868.

Fraternity Colors: Lavender and Pink.

Active Members.

In Collegio.

Preston B. Ray.

John Sherman, Jr.

John Ecker.

William Mitchell.

Dean Halford.

In Universitate.

❖❖ **LAW.** ❖❖

Dixon H. By.

Charles G. Harris.

Maurice S. Alden.

Bishop C. Perkins.

Charles C. Milburn.

James C. Bean.

❖❖ **MEDICAL.** ❖❖

Carl A. Clemons.

William E. Guer.

Henry Smith.

Carl Kaiser.

William A. Gallinger.

George A. Dowling.

In Facultate.

Howard L. Hodgkins.

Lee Davis Lodge.

1852



James P. H. Co.

Sigma Chi.

Founded at Miami University, 1855.



CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha Miami University.
Gamma Ohio Wesleyan University.
Epsilon Columbia University.
Zeta Washington and Lee University.
Eta University of Mississippi.
Theta Gettysburg College.
Kappa Bucknell University.
Lambda Indiana University.
Mu Dennison University.
Xi De Pauw University.
Omicron Dickinson University.
Rho Butler University.
Tau Roanoke College.
Chi Hanover College.
Psi University of Virginia.
Omega Northwestern University.
Alpha Alpha Hobart College.
Gamma Gamma Randolph-Macon College.
Delta Delta Purdue University.
Zeta Zeta Centre College.
Zeta Psi University of Cincinnati.
Theta Theta University of Michigan.
Eta Eta Dartmouth College.
Kappa Kappa University of Illinois.
Lambda Lambda Kentucky State College.



Mu Mu West Virginia University.
Nu Nu Columbia University.
Xi Xi Missouri State University.
Omicron Omicron University of Chicago.
Sigma Sigma Hamden Sidney College.
Phi Phi University of Pennsylvania.
Alpha Beta University of California.
Alpha Gamma Ohio State University.
Alpha Epsilon University of Nebraska.
Alpha Zeta Beloit College.
Alpha Theta Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Alpha Iota Illinois Wesleyan University.
Alpha Lambda University of Wisconsin.
Alpha Nu University of Texas.
Alpha Xi University of Kansas.
Alpha Omicron Tulane University.
Alpha Pi Albion College.
Alpha Rho Lehigh University.
Alpha Sigma University of Minnesota.
Alpha Tau University of North Carolina.
Alpha Upsilon University of Southern California.
Alpha Phi Cornell University.
Alpha Chi Pennsylvania State College.
Alpha Psi Vanderbilt University.
Alpha Omega Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

❁ Sigma Chi. ❁



Epsilon Chapter.



ESTABLISHED 1864.

Fraternity Colors: Blue and Gold.

Journal: Sigma Chi Quarterly.

Motto: "In hoc signo vinces."

Active Members.

Reed Paige Clark.

E. Kendall Cutter.

T. Boyd Dixon.

Harry C. Coburn.

J. Lewis Riggles.

Frank Norton Everett.

William K. Ward.

Fratres in Facultate.

George N. Acker.

Perry Hay.

Josiah Pierce, Jr.

C. Leroy Parker.

Edmund Lee Tompkins.

Fratres in Univ rsitate.

S. A. Blackburn.

F. Charles Hume.

Washington Alumni Association.

President, Dr. Wallace Radcliffe.

Vice-President, Theodore W. Noyes.

Secretary, Fred W. McReynolds.

Historian, Andrew Y. Bradley.

Treasurer, Dr. Reginald Munson.

Executive Committee.

Dr. Robert Farnham.

Major Samuel H. Walker.

Andrew B. Duvall.



Dreka.

Pi Beta Phi.

Founded at Monmouth, Ill., 1867.



CHAPTER ROLL.

Vt. Alpha Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.
Columbia Alpha Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Pa. Alpha Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Pa. Beta Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Ohio Alpha Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.
Ohio Beta Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
N. Y. Alpha Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mass. Alpha Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Md. Alpha Woman's College of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.
Ill. Beta Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill.
Ill. Delta Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.
Ill. Epsilon Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
Ill. Zeta Illinois State University, Champaign, Ill.
Ind. Alpha Franklin College, Franklin, Ind.

Ind. Beta University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Ind. Gamma University of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mich. Alpha Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.
Mich. Beta University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Ia. Alpha Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
Ia. Beta Simpson College, Indianola, Ia.
Ia. Zeta University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.
Wis. Alpha University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
La. Alpha Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Kan. Alpha University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
Neb. Beta University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Colo. Alpha University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Colo. Beta Denver University, University Park, Colo.



❧ Pi Beta Phi. ❧



Columbia Alpha Chapter.



Fraternity Colors: Wine and Blue.

Fraternity Paper: Arrow.

Active Members.

'98:

Mary S. Hinman.

Georgie Sanderlin.

Elise Bradford.

'99 :

Etheldreda Norris.

'0):

E. Lillian Sherman.

Elsie E. Parkinson.

Rosalie E. Robinette.

'01 :

Lucy E. Murray.

Helen Lee.

Sarah P. Lynch.

Cecilia Franzoni.

Eva Knight.

Soror in Collegio,

Lillian Pace.



Druck. Dula



In Facultate.

BENAIAH L. WHITMAN, Δ Y.

ADONIRAM HUNTINGTON, Ψ Y.

HOWARD L. HODGKINS, Φ K Ψ.

LEE DAVIS LODGE, Φ K Ψ.

EDWARD BAYLY POLLARD, B Θ H.

JAMES MACBRIDE STERRETT, Θ Δ X.

WILLIAM ALLEN WILBUR, Δ K E.

In Collegio.

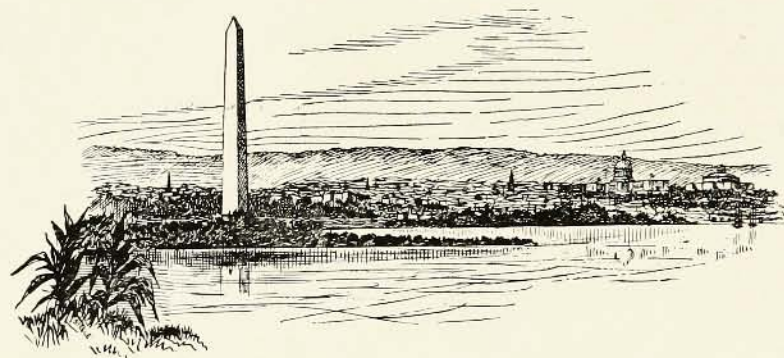
LORENZO STARR BROWN, JR., Π K A.

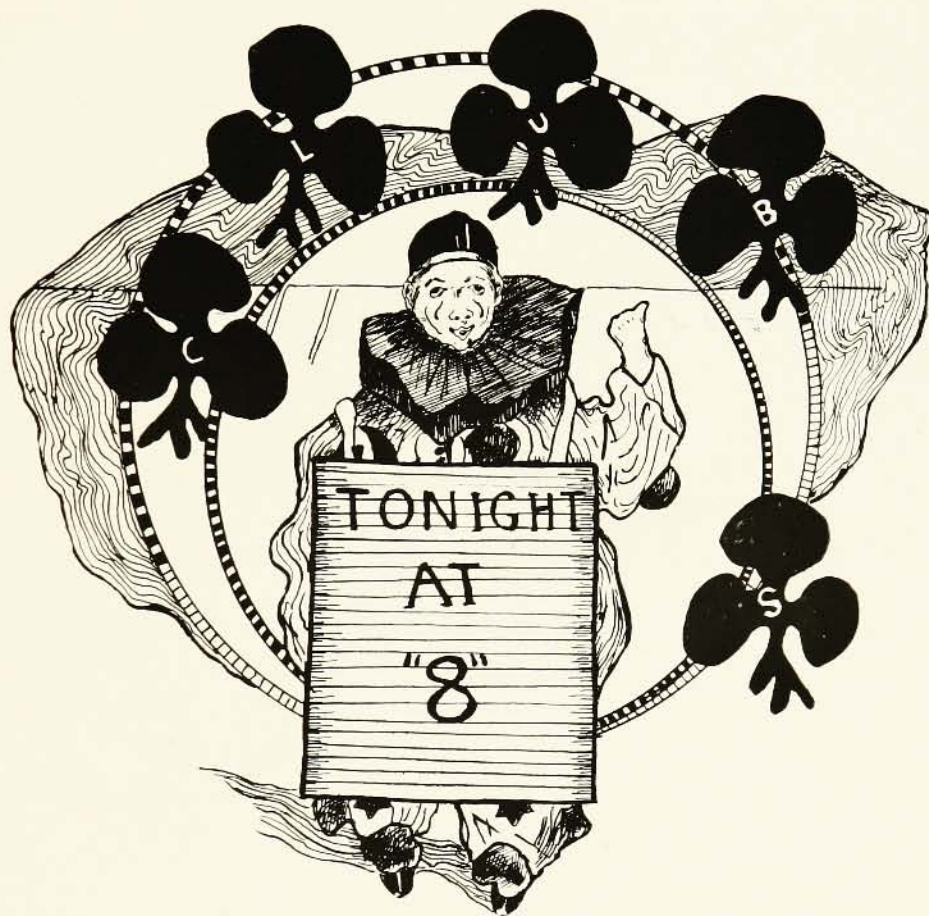
GEORGE CHILTON, Φ Δ Θ.

F. HEWITT, Σ N.

GEORGE MORTIMER FARIS, Δ K E. Θ N E.

ROY BENNETT PACE, Φ K Σ.







ENOSINIAN SOCIETY.



The Enosinian Society.

OFFICERS.—Fourth Term, 1898.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| President | J. Wm. Beatty. |
| Vice-President | George M. Faris. |
| Secretary | Elsie M. McKelden. |
| Treasurer | C. W. Main. |
| 1st Editor "Bee" | H. G. Foster. |
| 2d Editor "Bee" | John W. Matson. |
| 1st Editor "News" | Grace Ross. |
| 2d Editor "News" | Elsie E. Parkinson. |
| Critic | Etheldreda L. Norris. |
| Librarian | Colton Maynard. |
| Sergeant-at-Arms | Rolvix Harlan. |

MEMBERS (In Order of Initiation).

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Grace Ross, '97. | 8. J. Henry Altschu, '99. | 15. Colton Maynard, '00. |
| 2. Albert R. Stuart, '98. | 9. H. T. Domer, '99. | 16. Inez Smith, '99. |
| 3. Gertrude E. Metcalf, '98. | 10. Matilda D. Wright, '00. | 17. Hubert B. Fuller, '01. |
| 4. Elsie M. McKelden, '99. | 11. George M. Faris, '01. | 18. Elsie Parkinson, '00. |
| 5. J. Wm. Beatty, '99. | 12. Chas. W. Main, '01. | 19. Etheldreda L. Norris, '99. |
| 6. S. H. Rogers, '99. | 13. Samuel N. Haws, '00. | 20. Farley Gannett, '01. |
| 7. Rolvix Harlan, '99. | 14. John W. Matson, '01. | 21. H. G. Foster, '01. |

The Insignia of Our Badge:

{ The shield denotes our strength. The serpent denotes the unity, sagacity and eternity of our brotherhood. The stars denote the union of our hearts and purposes in furthering the designs of our Society. "H," the initial of Homer, our devotion to the ancient languages; "N," the initial of Newton, our love for philosophical studies; the Lamp in the center is the sign of the student's life, and the whole is surmounted by our watchword, "ΕΝΩΣΙΣ."

✻ ✻ Enosinian. ✻ ✻

THE writer of this little historical sketch, possessed by an all-pervading desire to ascertain some few facts about the beginnings of our now famous literary and debating society, back to which time the memory of no accessible living man now reaches, consumed much time in searching madly, but fruitlessly, through innumerable documents that might be supposed to shed some light upon the subject, but did not, and finally, well-nigh overcome by despair, sought the aid of one of our professors, who had formerly been an enthusiastic Enosinian. This act proved to be her salvation, for the professor, in the kindness of his heart, after much rummaging through books and drawers, and the dusty, musty archives of the Enosinian library, unearthed for her perusal a volume of sermons and orations, containing a history of the Society, from which some of the following facts were culled :

The dignity of age is ours ; the flavor of antiquity clings to us, for only two months after the Columbian College was founded, namely, in March, 1822, a number of the College students, desiring to improve themselves in knowledge, eloquence and every accomplishment by which they might be the better prepared for any station in life, and fully convinced that nothing would better tend to effect this purpose than the united exertions and active operation of a well-organized literary society, as their constitution states, met and organized the Enosinian Society, which has continued to flourish from that day to this, outliving several other organizations of a like nature which existed for a day and then were known no more.

Right here, we may explain, that the founders of our Society chose "ΕΝΩΣΙΣ" as its watchword, because it signified "*unity*," and had no thought of attributing to it the meaning that some of our more frivolous members have this year assigned to it, especially as they were all of the male persuasion.

As early as 1822 the design of our shield was adopted as the official emblem of the Society, and for a long time the members were required to wear it, either as a pin or a pendant.

It was, in early days, the custom of the Society to celebrate the 4th of July by appropriate ceremonies, and these celebrations, as also the anniversary meetings of Enosinian, held in the city or on the campus, were looked forward to as among the most delightful events of the year, being attended not only by the Faculty and students, but also by the citizens of Washington, the President of the United States himself sometimes consenting to grace them with his presence.

Our roll of honorary members contains some very distinguished names, among them those of General Lafayette and his son who visited the College in 1824, Edward Everett, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Bryant, J. Q. Adams, Van Buren and N. P. Willis, and others equally famous.

Neither is our list of active members deficient in this respect, for there we see the names of William L. Wilson, President of Washington and Lee University ; our own Dr. Huntington, who delivered the address on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society ; Professor Hodgkins, whose completeness of information on all subjects with which he is concerned including Enosinian has enabled us to find the history mentioned above, and Professor Lodge, whose forensic abilities, we doubt not, are in large measure the result of his Enosinian training.

We have a library, too, started in 1822, in which are contained some two thousand volumes of standard works, as well as copies of many orations made before the Society, and bound volumes of the *Bee*, its first newspaper, which was its official organ for years, though now it shares that honor with the *News*. In these latter days the library has fallen heir to disuse and neglect, owing to the fact that our hall had to be given up as the University grew, and our present meeting-place is far removed from it. We trust that in the near future we may be restored to our own again, and may meet with our old-time consideration from the Faculty.

In spite of all drawbacks, however, we have most pleasant and profitable times, and no one who has heard them can ever forget our debates, nor can the participants overestimate the value they have received from them, nor from the practise of writing for the papers though we wish it might be more general. And where can such facility in speaking be acquired as in our extemporaneous speeches or such knowledge of parliamentary law as in our trials for impeachment or even our ordinary discussions ?

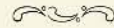
For proficiency in this last-mentioned subject, a medal is given each year by Prof. Gore, as is also one by the members of the Society, to the best debater.

This year our roll has been longer than for some years past, and many noteworthy events have occurred, among which may be chronicled here the discussions of the Cuban question, in which the Nestor-like tones of Mr. Faris rang through the hall, or the graceful and eloquent speeches of Mr. Stuart called forth thunderous applause, while Mr. Maynard's positive statements gave rise to storms of oppositions. Who can fail to remember and imitate Mr. Beatty's pet gesture, or Miss Metcalf's fondness for exact reference ? Will not Mr. Harlan's parliamentary (?) rulings linger long in our minds, as well as his power of inducing the fairer sex to vote on his side of the debate ?

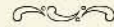
Our banquets at Christmas and the end of the year are features of college life. It is then that the Faculty are with us and accept with the best grace possible the gentle admonitions given to correct their little faults, while they in turn do *not* indicate possible improvement for us.

In brief, there is nothing pleasanter than our work and play, and we say with all our heart, Long may the spirit of Enosis guide and protect the ever-increasing number of our followers.

Mission Study Class.



OBJECT—To Study the Subject of Home and Foreign Missions.



Officers.

President: Cecilia Franzoni.

Executive Committee: Cecilia Franzoni, Elsie M. McKelden, John W. Matson.

Members.

Ruth D. Dart, Matilda D. Wright, Elsie M. McKelden,

Bessie Lynch, Cecilia Franzoni, John W. Matson,


Rolvix Harlan, A. A. Hobson, George M. Berry,

J. William Beatty, J. A. Larcombe, Charles F. Fuller,

Charles W. Main, Joseph G. Tyssowski.

The Mission Study Class.



 NE afternoon in October, 1895, an enthusiastic meeting in the interest of missions was held in the Post-Graduate Hall of the College, with Mr. Brodnax, one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, as leader. From this gathering there was culled a small band of earnest workers who, for the rest of the year of '95-'96, held half-hour meetings weekly, from eight-thirty to nine Tuesday mornings. Here, "The Cross in the Land of the Trident," supplemented by essays on the lives of the different missionaries to India, was studied. This class was adjourned during the examination period and was not organized again until February, 1898.

In December 1897, Miss Ruth Rouse, another secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited the College, and at a meeting in the Chapel, aroused much interest in the subject among the students. A few of these met and talked together in regard to the re-organization of the Mission Study Class, at a special meeting held by Miss Rouse on December twenty-first, 1897. After this meeting, on account of the Christmas holidays and the term examinations, it was not possible for the students to come together until the early part of February, 1898, when the first regular meeting of the students interested in the subject was held. At this meeting plans and methods of work were discussed and decided upon and the officers for the year were elected.

A few days before, the students of the College had been incited by Mr. Hunt's earnest plea in behalf of having Columbian represented at the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held at Cleveland, the latter part of February. As a result of this interest, the College was represented at the Convention by six students—Miss McKelden, Messrs. Harlan, Beatty, Larcombe, Berry and Hobson.

On the return of these delegates, one hour was given to them for reports to the College and for the following three or four weeks talks on the various fields as presented at the Convention were made by them to the Mission Study Class. The first meeting was led by Mr. Harlan, on the subject of South America, and Mr. Beatty on Africa; Mr. Berry led the second with Arabia as his subject and Miss McKelden the third, with India. Then Dr. Parshley, a missionary to Japan, gave a most entertaining talk on the manners and customs of the Japanese and the mission work of Japan. Other meetings have been held with Burmah, Siam, the Malay Peninsula and China as subjects and Messrs. Hobson and Beatty and Miss Lynch as leaders.

The meetings of the class are held on Tuesday mornings from eight to nine o'clock and are opened with a prayer-meeting, after which the leader talks on the subject of the morning, leaving a few minutes at the end for class discussion.

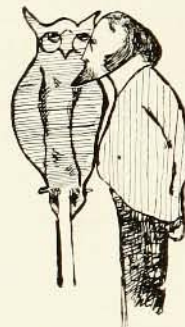
The work of the Class this year, has proven very successful, and we look forward hopefully to next year when we expect a much larger membership and in consequence a much greater interest in the subject of missions among the students of Columbian College.



Masquetis
OF
T. M. O. M.



FOUNDED IN ENGLAND IN 1765.



No. I. FRANK NORTON EVERETT.

No. II. LORENZO STARR BROWN, JR.

No. III. WILLIAM SAUNDERS MANNING.

No. IV. E. KENDALL CUTTER.

No. V. REED PAIGE CLARK.





Colors : Olive, Cream and Chocolate.

Motto : Nunquam da navem.

Members.

Ye Cooks.

ELISE BRADFORD, Ye dignified member.

ETHELDREDA NORRIS, }
ELSIE PARKINSON, } Ye well-fed members.

LILLIAN SHERMAN, Ye of ye tablecloth.

Ye Dishwashers.

MARY HINMAN, Ye substitute for sugar.

ROSALIE ROBINETTE, Ye of ye effervescent spirits.

GEORGIE SANDERLIN, Ye backslider.

LUCY MURRAY, Ye prohibited from cooking.



Ye Housekeepers.

CECILIA FRANZONI, Ye ill-fed member.

EVA KNIGHT, Ye cake-baker.

SARA LYNCH, Ye sandwich-maker.

FRANCES JACOBS, Ye banana-eater.

HELEN LEE, Ye of ye chocolate Anna.

LUELLA MERRILL, Ye shirk.

LILIAN PACE, Ye pursuer of Meandering Mike.

In Facultate.

PROFESSOR W. A. WILBUR, Ye uncomplaining victim.

Guleh-Kiln Golf Club,

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1898.



LINKS ON "COLUMBIA HEIGHTS."

Members.

E. KENDALL CUTTER.

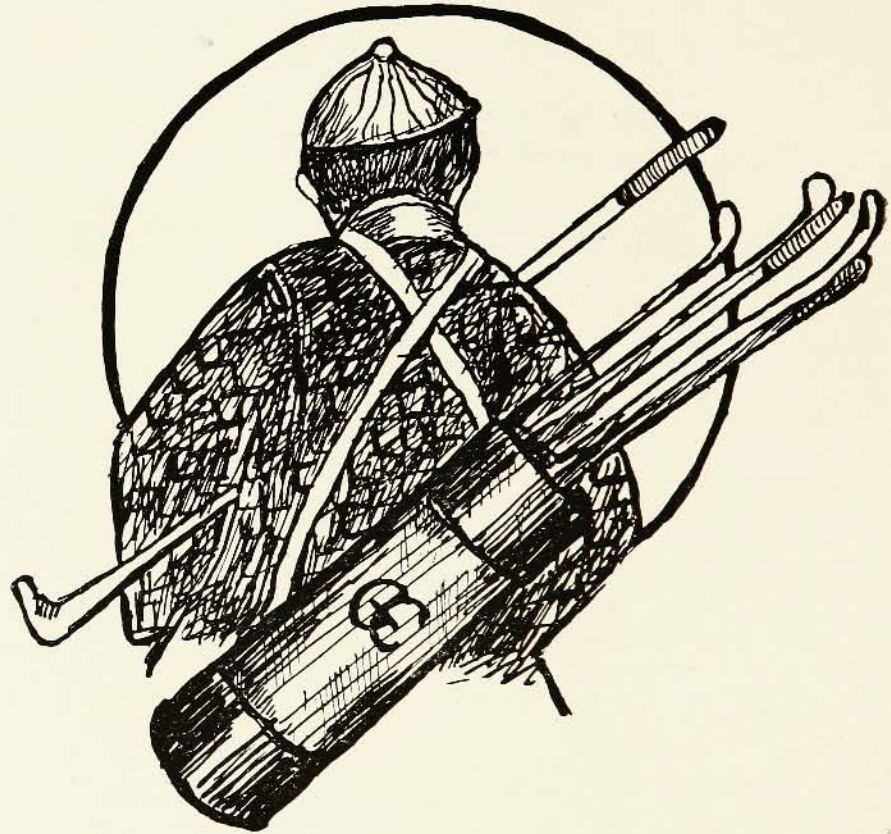
WILLIAM L. MANNING.

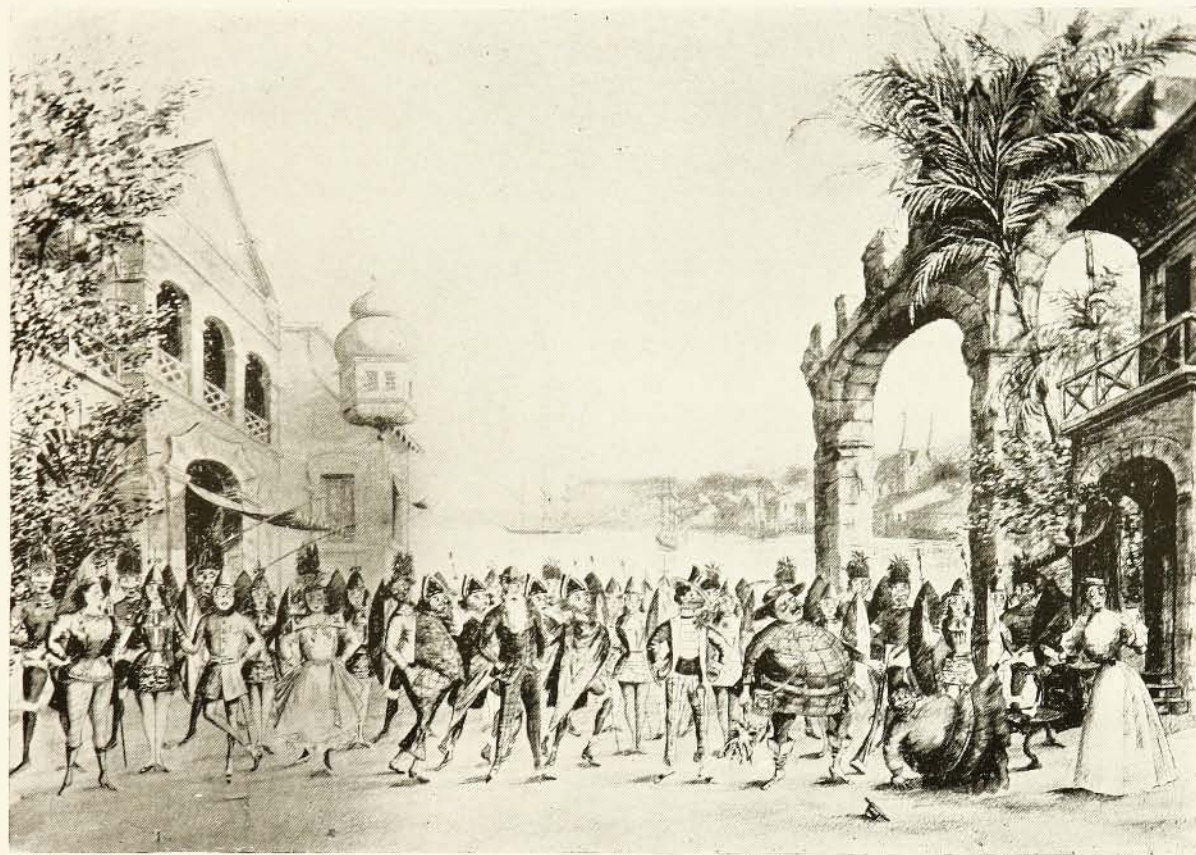
LORENZO S. BROWN, JR.

WILLIAM SIOUSSAT.

FRANK N. EVERETT.

HUGH G. FOSTER.





ACTUAL SCENE FROM OPERA "THE HOLEY GIRLS."

❧❧❧ Columbia University Vaudeville Club, ❧❧❧

ORGANIZED 1896.



Officers for '97-'98.

President: CHARLES L. PARKER.

Treasurer: S. CLARK CROSS.

Secretary: CLARENCE V. HOWARD.

Directors:

T. R. DOOLEY.

FRANK GLAZEBROOKE.

CLYDE SHADE.

EDWARD G. PORTNER.

"THE HALEY GIRLS,"

An Original Opera by W. H. Harris and A. P. Harris,
will be creditably presented early in the Summer.



MAIDS OF MYSTERY.

Motto: Inter vitam sumus in morte.

Flower: Asphodel.

Colors: Red and Black.

Yell: Boil and Bubble,
Toil and Trouble,
Ninety-nine, Ninety-nine,
We are the Maids of Mystery.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Most Mysterious and Malign Master | ELSIE MADELEINE MCKELDEN. |
| Subordinate Most Mysterious and Malign Master | FRANCES CLARA NEWLANDS. |
| Most Mighty and Private Quill-Driver | LIDA DRAPER. |
| Most Secret Holder and Dispenser of Cash | ETHELDREDA LORD NORRIS. |
| Most Trustworthy Carrier of the Sacred Seal | INA SMITH. |

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

ANIH TIMS, EISLE NEDLEKAM, ADIL REPARD, SECNARFS D'NALWEN, ADERDLEHTE DROL SIRRON.



Color : Green.

Flower : Four-leaf Clover.

Motto :

Wus & Coe—Teghato!

Yell :

“ ! — ; — , } [— : — . ?

Officers.

Regular Members.
 RAAS CNYHL,
 ELASORI TERINOTBE,
 NYLEEVE NIGKTH,
 LECACII ZOFRINNA.

| | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Boss of Shebang | B. YNCHL. |
| Vice-Boss | E. NIGHTK. |
| Charioteer | A. INOZNARF. |
| Trumpeter | E. ETENIBOR. |
| Musical Director | E. THGINK. |
| Organ Grinder | A. HCNYL. |
| Organ Grinder's Monkey | C. RANZONIF. |
| Policeman | R. OBINETTER. |

Onery Members.

EVELYNE KNIGHT,
 SARA LYNCH,
 CECILIA FRANZONI,
 ROSALIE ROBINETTE.

Password : Wleotcwchi.



Motto : Foenum in cornu habet.

Colors : Straw Yellow and Green.

Flower : Red Clover.

Yell : Rick, Rick, Rick,

Stack, Stack, Stack,

Hay.

Officers:

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Boss of the Job | PRESTON B. RAY. |
| Keeper of the Royal Haystacks | BRONSON C. BUXTON. |
| Watcher of the Imperial Cows | PAUL COCKERILLE. |
| * Caller to Meals | G. M. BERRY. |
| Exterminator of Potato-bugs | JAS. A. LARCOMBE. |
| Asst. Exterminator of Potato-bugs | JOHN SHERMAN, JR. |

Horse Doctor,
CY CUMMINS.

Membership List:

Sixteen others, mostly Freshmen.

* All other officers and members are considered deputies of this office.

» » SOCIETY » »

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Freshmen.



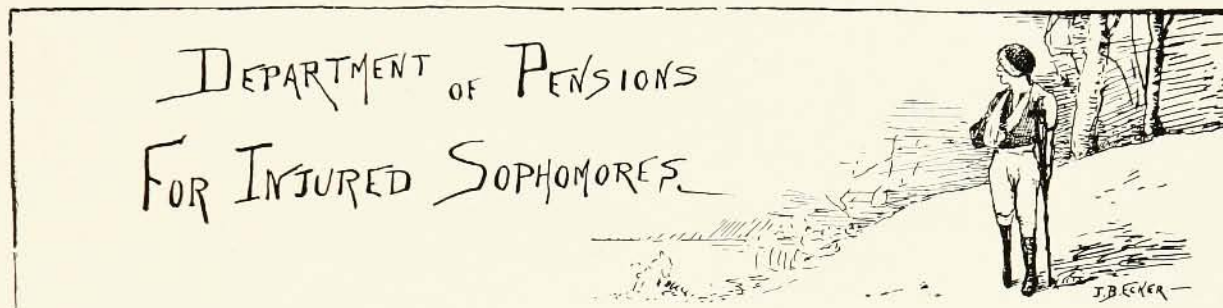
ORGANIZATION.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Sir Knight Banneret | GILBERT KELLY. |
| Chief Hoister | WM. W. GILLIS. |
| Expert Wire-puller | HARRY C. COBURN. |
| Artists in Black and White | { GEORGE B. CHASE. |
| | { COLTON MAYNARD. |

SOCIETY FOUNDED 9.30 P. M., Tuesday, March 1, 1898.

DISBANDED 3.30 A. M., Wednesday, March 2, 1898.

PATRONS.—Mr. Reed Paige Clark, '98; Mr. Albert Rhett Stuart, '98; and
Mr. Edwin Kendall Cutter, '99.



JOHN BROWN ECKER, Commissioner-General.

Hon. ROBERT FULTON NELSON HENDERSON,
Deputy Commissioner-General.
Hon. GARFIELD ERICSSON SLAYBAUGH, Chief Examiner.
Hon. CUSTER WELLINGTON MAIN, Chief Board of Review.

Hon. CULPEPPER FRANKLIN FULLER, Chief Clerk.
Hon. CYRUS EDISON WHITNEY, Deputy Chief Clerk.
Col. HAMILTON BRADFORD FULLER,
Chief Board of Sanitary Precaution.

Doctor HARRISON FARRAGUT ASHFORD, Chief Medical Board.
Doctor SARAH PENNINGTON LYNCH, Matron Department Hospital.

Nurses.

Miss FRANZONI,
Miss LEE,

Miss MERRILL,
Miss BURCH,

Miss THÖNSSON.

Miss FRISBY,
Miss MURRAY,

Miss HANCE,
Miss KNIGHT,

Hon. HAWTHORNE BUCHANAN SMITH,
Superintendent Department Insane Asylum.
HAIRY CODFISH COBURN, Inmate.

Gen. GEORGE MONTGOMERY FARIS,
Department Janitor-in-Chief and Sergeant-at-Arms.

Pension Department

FOR THE BENEFIT OF DISABLED SOPHOMORES.

Whereas, The ineffectual and futile efforts of that most notorious conglomeration, the so-called Sophomore class, to prevent the Freshmen from that long-cherished and inalienable prerogative, the right to transport, carry and be seen with canes in and about the vicinity of the College building, was the cause of a vigorous and unabating contention precipitating and terminating in one final, fierce and ferocious combat ; and

Whereas, The aforesaid contention resulted in such a disastrous manner to the members of the Sophomore class as totally to incapacitate the majority of them (with the allied Juniors and Seniors) from any further usefulness, mental, moral, or physical ; and

Whereas, it is the will of the great and glorious Freshman organization to add one more to its long list of good examples to the world, by pensioning its adversaries ; therefore

Be it Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Freshman class in Congress assembled, that a Pension Department be established by this class for the special benefit, aid and succor of the Sophomores and their allies injured in the last war. And that this Department shall be in charge of a Commissioner of Pensions and such other officers as the President shall see fit to designate and appoint.

And be it also Resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury, the Honorable John Winthrop Matson, is authorized and instructed to pay out of the Treasury of the class such sum or sums as the Commissioner shall order in accordance with the above joint resolution of Congress.

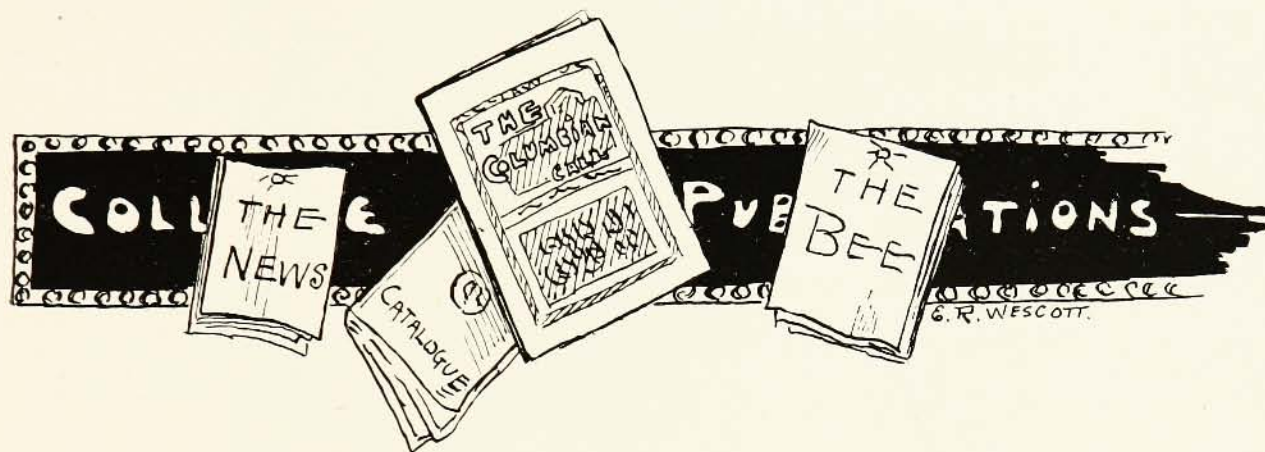
This resolution was passed by both Houses of the Congress of the Freshman class, after much spirited debate, on April 2nd and signed by The Honorable John Daniel Webster Sherman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and The Honorable John Quincy Adams George Washington Gilmore, President of the Senate.

The bill was signed on April 7th by His Excellency H. Ulysses Grant Foster, President of the class.

The following claims have been adjudicated : For total disability, to be pensioned at the rate of \$00.0009 a month, to be paid in semi-centennial installments, C. Maynard, G. W. Kelly, Tootsie Wootsie Sterrett, G. E. Chase, M. W. Lindsay, W. W. Gillis. The remainder of the surviving Sophomores have been pensioned for partial disability at one-half the above rate.

In accordance with a suggestion of the President by special message, Congress voted to pension the following widows : Mrs. J. Henry Altschu, for the loss of one husband, 2 cents a year until her demise ; Mrs. S. M. Mason, Mrs. Eddie K. Cutter and Mrs. Sammy Rogers, 3 cents per month each for the loss of their worser halves.

These enactments to go into effect on the 13th of Julember, 19000000.



The Columbian Call.

[Published by the University.]

Editor-in-Chief: J. Q. H. ALWARD.

College Editor: COLTON MAYNARD.

Enosinian News.

Editors: MISS GRACE ISABELLA ROSS.

MISS ELSIE E. PARKINSON.

Enosinian Bee.

Editors: MR. HUGH G. FOSTER.

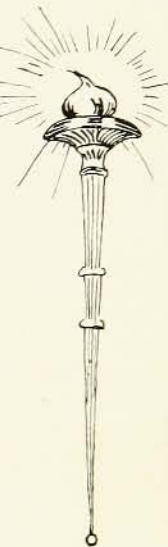
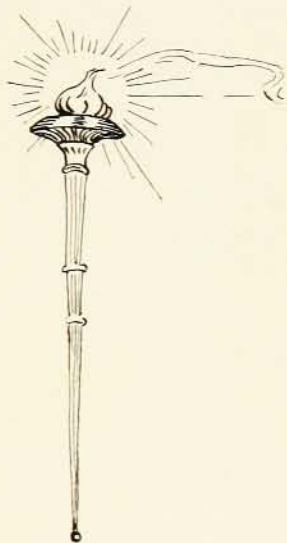
MR. JOHN M. MATSON.

The University Catalogue.

Compiled by WM. A. WILBUR,
Professor of English.



EDITORIAL BOARD.



Editors of the Columbiad.



Editor-in-Chief:

EDNA ROSE WESCOTT.

Literary Editors:

HENRY BRADFORD SMITH.

COLTON MAYNARD.

Athletic Editor:

HUGH GWYN FOSTER.

Statistician:

J. WILLIAM BEATTY.

Art Editor:

EDWIN KENDALL CUTTER.

Grind Editor:

GERTRUDE E. METCALF.

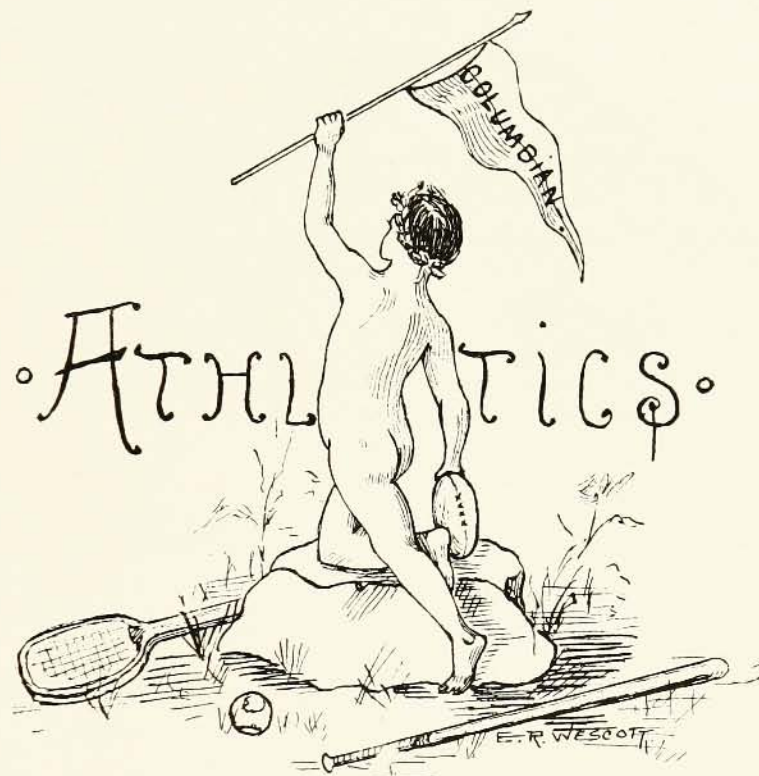
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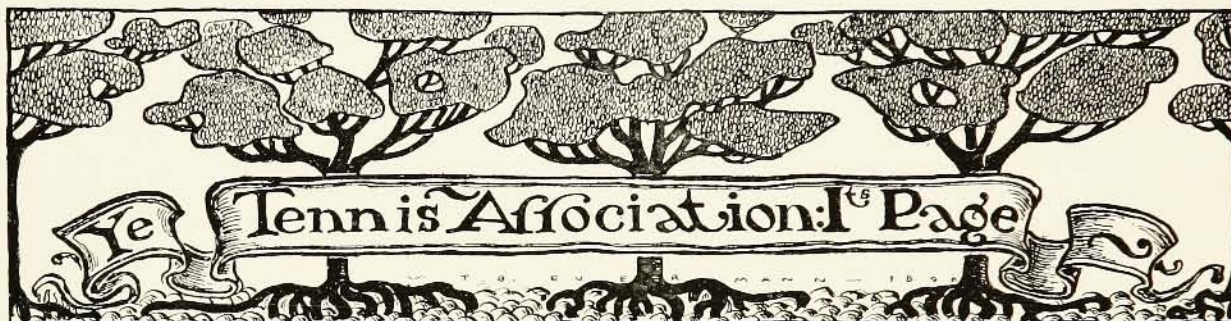
LORENZO STARR BROWN.

ELSIE MADELEINE MCKELDEN.

REED PAIGE CLARK.







Officers.

President—FREDERIC PARKMAN WARFIELD.

Vice-President—WILLIAM S. MITCHELL, JR.

Secretary and Treasurer—HARRY C. COBURN.

Executive Committee.

GEORGE IRVING RAYBOLD.

CLARENCE R. WILSON.

Officers of Athletic Association.

President—S. A. BLACKBURN.

Secretary and Treasurer—J. LEWIS RIGGLES.

Board of Directors.

H. C. COBURN,
GILBERT W. KELLY,
J. WILLIAM BEATTY,

A. V. GANA,
S. CLARK CROSS,
FRANCIS R. WELLER,

J. M. YOUNG,
J. H. ALLEN,
C. A. RAGAN,

O. C. STINE,
PHILIP TINDALL.
HENRY T. BRIGHT.

Editorial.



OUR athletic status this year has, in many respects, been better, and our teams stronger, than ever before in the history of the University. Situated as we are, in the very heart of the city, we cannot have grounds adjoining sufficiently large for the right kind of practise. This lack of a campus has been a great drawback to our athletics in the past, but with the leasing of the Capitol Park grounds, in view for the coming year, the prospects look brighter. The Columbian University has been a great feeder for other colleges, because of the absence of athletic advantages. We have received little encouragement from the Faculty in this line; our material is slipping away from us; something must be done quickly. Our University stands shoulder to shoulder with the best as an institution of learning, but the boys, whose names would place her high on the schedule of intercollegiate athletics, are being enrolled in the student register of other colleges.

Our Foot-ball Team has some wonderfully good material and has played out creditably a hard schedule, which included some of the strongest teams of the South.

The Track Athletics were represented alone this year by the Relay Team. At the University of Pennsylvania's annual meet, held April the thirteenth last, our team won the second prize, which was also creditable, considering the meager facilities it had for training.

The Tennis Association is making arrangements for the Varsity Tournament, to be played on the "Bachelor's" courts, early in June. Much interest is displayed in the approaching games, which are certain to be hotly contested. Next year the Association will have courts of its own and tennis will be a still more important factor in Columbian athletics.

We have the spirit; we have the material; next year we will have the much-coveted grounds, then will we work earnestly to carry the Orange and Blue forward to victory in every contest, so that those interested in athletics may be encouraged to remain with us.

Our outlook for the future is wholly a pleasant one. May our predictions be fully realized.



FOOTBALL TEAM.



Football.

Manager GRAHAM NICHOLS.

Captain GRENVILLE LEWIS.

VARSIITY ELEVEN.

Left Guard,
ROB'T HETH.

Centre,
R. V. HARLAN.

Right Guard,
A. J. CUMMINGS.

Left Tackle,
FREDERICK COLEMAN.

Right Tackle,
E. O. LOUCKS.

Quarter Back,
W. L. JOLLY.

Left End,
G. W. KELLY.

Right End,
O. L. MEIGS.

Left Half Back,
LOUIS WEAVER.

Full Back,
GRENVILLE LEWIS.

Right Half Back,
PHILIP TINDALL.

SUBSTITUTES.

Line :

A. A. SELLHAUSEN, W. M. SHUSTER.
C. G. McROBERTS, HARRY GREEN.

Backs :

CHAS. BEALL, J. W. BEATTY,
W. H. BEARD, FRANK GLAZEBROOK.



SCHEDULE OF GAMES PLAYED.

1897-'98.

| | |
|----------|--|
| October | 8th—Washington and Lee, 10; Columbian, 2. |
| October | 9th—Virginia Military Institute, 12; Columbian, 4. |
| October | 21st—Richmond Athletic Association, 0; Columbian, 4. |
| October | 30th—Columbia Athletic Club, 4; Columbian, 6. |
| November | 4th—Hampton Athletic Club, 6; Columbian, 0. |
| November | 5th—Richmond College, 0; Columbian, 22. |
| November | 6th—William and Mary, 0; Columbian, 30. |
| November | 11th—University of Maryland, 0; Columbian, 0. |
| November | 18th—University of Virginia, 10; Columbian, 0. |
| November | 25th—Columbia Athletic Club, 4; Columbian, 0. |



Won at the University of Pennsylvania Annual Relay Race on
April 30, 1898.



Relay Team :

J. W. BEATTY,
PHILIP TINDALL,

O. L. MEIGS,
WALTER C. SHANNON.

Substitute :

ABBOTT BEARD.



NATIONAL-ENC-66.

RELAY TEAM.



Editorials.

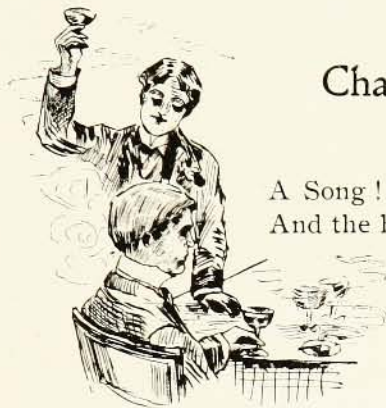


A WORD here seems not misplaced in regard to the increasing spirit of interest manifested by the students in matters of common concern during the past year. Not only has college spirit seemed to be more active, but class spirit as well, while fraternity spirit is stronger than ever. Although there are a few who cast discouragement on new enterprises, yet in general an atmosphere of life and vigor is evident. We might mention the sharp rivalry between freshmen and sophomores, the practical and substantial interest in the Student Volunteer Convention, the hearty support accorded college dances and receptions, and the increasing prosperity of the several periodicals, societies, clubs, and many others, but it is unnecessary. The history of the year is satisfactory and worthy of record; may we have many others like it.

We cannot close these remarks without some reference to the Freshman Class of 1901, and to the excellent service they have done in making Columbian what she is to-day as opposed to what she was one year ago. Well organized and always acting in unanimity they have done a large amount of practical good, which the upper classes might well seek to emulate.

As the official organ of the College, the Columbiad hereby recognizes the belligerency of the Pi Beta Phi goat, while proclaiming at the same time strict neutrality and declaring newspapers, tin cans, and old shoes to be contraband of war.

At a time when great nations of the earth are embroiled and Stars and Stripes become once more the target for hostile bullets, what a few students can do in the way of practical assistance is not great. Many believe the time has not yet come when their services are needed; others are detained at home by force of circumstances, who would gladly be off to the front; and the number of students Columbian will contribute is rather small. But we venture to say, that nowhere in the United States can hearts be found more patriotic, or hands more willing to strike in defence of our shores, if need be, than here among our fellow-students. Again and again they have boldly expressed their opinions on the side of liberty and justice. A man who spoke slightly of the President, or declared our country to be in the wrong, was hissed into silence. All honor be paid, not only to those who went where duty called, but also to those who stayed where duty compelled. It does not come to the lot of all to fight and die gloriously in the cause of the down-trodden and the oppressed; some must ever remain in the every-day routine of their customary occupations. Well for them if they do so without murmur or discontent; for who can say that *their* reward also will not be great?



Chanson des Pauvres Étudiants.



A Song ! a song to the old grey coat
And the hat o' rusty brown,

And a jingling song to the pockets bare—
What ! fellow-comrade dismal there
We'll sing away your frown !
We'll sing a song to warm ourselves,
Come, pour a brimming glass ;

What matter if the bottle's dry ?
There's more a-coming bye-and-bye,
And the clouds will break and pass.
So, we'll clink and drink with a merry good will
To the empty purse—what odds ?
The fellow who dares to mock at cares
Is favoured by the gods !
Hey ho !
Is favoured by the gods !

O, a jolly thing is a college life
And jolly students we be ;
We're steeped in Latin and Greek and Dutch,
But do not spend all time on such
With aching heads—not we !

There's better sport on the gay lit streets
Where pretty maidens please,
There's wisdom more in the world's great heart,
Where arm in arm we dance our part,
In careless shabby ease.
So, we'll clink and drink with a merry good will
To the empty purse—what odds?
The fellow who dares to mock at cares
Is favoured by the gods!
Hey ho!
Is favoured by the gods!

What! fellow-comrade, puzzled o'er
The lack o' paltry gold?
Come boy! Life's throbbing in the air,
The bells are laughing everywhere,
And the hours are being told.
We'll trip along with a ringing song
And a heart that's light and free—
For shabby clothes and rusty hat
And empty pockets and a' that,
O, not a whit care we!
So, we'll clink and drink with a merry good will
To the empty purse—what odds?
The fellow who dares to mock at cares
Is favoured by the gods!
Hey ho!
Is favoured by the gods!

One Evening.



IT was German night, and the Sigma Delta Phi House was in an uproar—eight of the boys were arraying themselves in evening dress. Upstairs there were hurrys to and fro, while on the first floor a dozen young fellows were scattered about the parlor and library listening to the noise overhead.

"Hi, Mac, lend me a clean shirt," shouted a voice from above. "Can't find a decent one anywhere."

"Hanged if I will," shouted McIntyre in reply, dropping his guitar and rushing up stairs to prevent encroachments on his wardrobe. The others laughed.

"Strong hasn't sent a dress shirt to the laundry for six weeks," chuckled Scarborough. "As long as he can keep on finding clean ones in his bureau he never wonders what'll happen when they run out."

Meanwhile disorder still reigned above, except in the front room, where Walter Ranney was calmly dressing, unmindful of anything going on without. He had just finished tying his cravat, and moved away from the mirror to a rack of pictures hung against the wall, where he stood gazing intently at the photograph of a young lady in the place of honor. Her dark eyes looked out upon him with an air of quiet self-possession and sincerity, which held him motionless.

"This may be the last time I ever see that picture," he murmured, "and I'm going to find out to-night. Either it goes back to-morrow morning or it'll be mine for good. Yes, I shall find out to-night," and he carefully fastened his fraternity pin on his vest. "If I can find a better place for this pin before morning, I'll be happy all my life," he added, turning away. A pair of dark eyes under a mass of wavy brown hair confronted him everywhere; they shone on him from the looking glass; they peeped out through the open closet door; he turned to the window, and they were fixed on him through the pane.

"Your carriage is here, Walt," called McIntyre from below, and he hurried down stairs into the front hall, where his chum, Clifford, assisted him in wrapping up warmly, for it was bitterly cold and snowing fast. Under

ordinary circumstances he would probably have noticed that Clifford was regarding him intently, but in his present mood it escaped him, and in a few moments he was seated in his carriage driving rapidly away. The other revelers soon followed in succession, and the stay-at-homes went slowly back to the library, where a bright open-fire was burning.

The boys sank into their seats, but Clifford remained standing by the mantelpiece, and something in his attitude and expression compelled general attention. "Say, fellows," he began slowly, "did you notice anything unusual about Walter Ranney when he went off to-night?"

There was no answer, but every one prepared himself for what was coming next. "Because," continued Clifford, still more slowly, "there *has* been something unusual about him for some time past. You know we've been in the habit of joking him mildly about Marion Bartlett for years—ever since they were both freshmen, and they graduate in June. Well, Walt never seemed to mind our joking in the least—until last fall. I've noticed that along in the middle of October he wasn't quite the same when her name was mentioned, although you may not have observed it, and lately it's been plain to me that Walt means business."

Every eye in the room was riveted on the speaker. Such interest in another's affairs is rather unusual at the present day, but Ranney was so dear to the heart of everyone who knew him that each forgot his own interests and thought only of his friend's. For Ranney was such a splendid fellow, so genuine and unaffected, that he was the most popular man in college, while his own frat brothers worshipped him as the embodiment of all that was good and noble.

"Another thing that makes me think this evening is eventful for Walt, and so for all of us," Clifford went on, "is that for a few days I've been wearing his frat pin, while mine was having a stone reset. This evening he came to me and asked me for it, saying he wanted to wear it to the German. I gave it to him, but I knew what that meant—boys, if Walt comes back with that pin on, I'll eat my hat."

"Good enough," exclaimed several.

"Does that mean an engagement?" asked a freshman, who had been initiated the week before.

"It does with us," returned Clifford emphatically. "Some fraternities don't think so, but when a girl wears a Sigma Delt pin, it's a sure sign. It's no use talking, when he comes home it will be all settled. I could tell that when he left just now. I've been his chum through high school and college, and I know him thoroughly. He went out of the front door to-night like a man who's taking his life in his hands, and is determined to know where he stands."

There was a chorus of acclamation.

"Look here," said Scarborough, "if it's true, and he's successful, we ought to celebrate. Let's prepare a little supper for him, and if the pin's gone when he comes home, spring it on him. If he still wears the pin we can keep still and go to bed quietly as if nothing had happened."

"That's a first-class idea," exclaimed McIntyre. "We'll give him the spread of his life." And McIntyre and Scarborough started off to see what the kitchen and cellar could furnish.

The others tried various devices to while away the hours until Walter's return. Some settled down to whist, others went into the little music room and practiced college songs, while a few went upstairs to study. To tell the truth, however, none of them had much heart in their present occupation. Anything that concerned Ranney seemed very near to each one of them, and they awaited his return with ill-concealed eagerness. Scarborough and McIntyre had prepared a sumptuous repast in the dining room and busied themselves in arranging a few impromptu toasts.

Clifford had tried first whist, then the piano, then studying, and found them all impossible. At last he pushed back his arm chair and walked over to the rack, which held Miss Bartlett's photograph, for he and Ranney shared the same room. He turned on an incandescent bulb, just above the rack, and gazed into the same dark eyes which had held his chum spell-bound a few hours before.

"No one will ever know how much I cared for that girl," he thought. "I used to think sometimes things might have been different, but I was wrong. Once it was either Walter or myself, and now it's Walter. After all I don't mind—not very much. What could I offer her in comparison with dear old Walt? He goes into business with his father as soon as he graduates, and he'll be able to support a wife handsomely; but look at me. I'll have to work like a horse for years before I can think of marrying, even if any girl wanted me, which isn't likely. It's much better as it is. I'll be Walt's best man, and give them a pair of piano candlesticks, and everything will be lovely. God bless 'em both!"

Clifford's lips were twitching as he turned away, but he controlled himself by a powerful effort, and sat down again to bury himself in Aristotle's Ethics. It seemed to him that never before had he found it so difficult to concentrate his mind, for his thoughts kept wandering to something nearer his own life than Greek aphorisms. At twelve o'clock he closed the volume, turned down his student lamp, and went down stairs to join the rest. In an hour all the revelers had returned except Ranney, and all were in possession of the grand secret.

It was after one when Ranney's carriage pulled up before the house, and every man sprang to his feet with a thrill of excitement. The front door was thrown open and Walter came in, slamming it behind him. He shook the snow from his shoulders, stripped off his coat, hung it on the rack, and removing his hat turned to face the throng gathered in the

parlor door. There was no need to look at his vest, rendered conspicuous by the absence of the jeweled crescent; one glance at his face told the story. The Sigma Delts were not skilled in reading a man's expression, but not even the dullest could fail to be impressed by the beaming triumph of Walter's countenance, which he strove in vain to conceal. Led by Clifford, they moved forward, one after another, grasping his hand with rough, but hearty expressions of good will. The banquet which followed was long remembered by Sigma Delta Phi. Toasts were drunk to the happy pair, individually and collectively, and to every one else the boys could think of. It came to an end at last, and Ranney, tired, but full of joy in the present and hope for the future, went to his room, followed soon by the others. When the house was quiet, Clifford, who had remained below, went around fastening doors and windows, and turning out the lights. When his duties were finished he went to a window looking on the street, drew back the shade, and stood a long time gazing into the darkness. Finally he turned, put out the hall light, and walked quickly upstairs to his room.



Senior.



And if I should live to be,
The last leaf upon the tree,
Never mind,
For my student days are o'er,
I shall ne'er have trouble more
Of that kind.

Flintans Retrorsum.



THROUGH rings of smoke borne toward the skies
A host of pleasant memories rise,
And in each dainty wreath of haze
Some welcome thought of college days ;
The smoker nodding in his chair
Inhales the fragrant incense rare,
Kind Morpheus' blessings to invoke
Through rings of smoke.

Dim dreams of Virgil cross his brain
Twixt classic lines of Xenophon,
While mathematics miscreants
Join in a weird fantastic dance,
And floating round him lazily
Spin golden threads of fantasy.
What by-gone trials these elves denote
Through rings of smoke.

By magic wand, before his eyes
Athletic track and campus rise.
On waving flags and college yells
The reawakened memory dwells,
And floating backward o'er the years
Come echoes of triumphant cheers.
A sparkle in his eye we note
Through rings of smoke.

But soon the retrospection calls
To mind the old familiar halls.
Some dear Professor's kindly face
Is smiling down from out of space,
And through the smoke-rings' circling row
Look comrades of the long ago,
Such sweet, sad joys his thoughts revoke
Through rings of smoke.

Heu ! how quick the smoke clouds' shade,
How youthful hopes and passions fade,
The bright blue rings turn dim and gray,
While dreams and fancies steal away.
How changed would all those faces be
Retouched by Time's fell sorcery,
Were they not drawn by magic stroke
Through rings of smoke.



The Old, Old Game.

Love, fifteen, thirty, forty, game !
The balls fall languidly into the net.
Fifteen, thirty, forty, love game.
Is it to be a love set ?
The raquets are idle, the deepening glow
Makes the dappled shadows longer grow.

He looks at her and she looks at him
'Til the star lamps kindle far and dim.
The balls have hidden behind a bush,
The wandering breezes quiver the net,
In the old rustic chair 'neath the gnarled apple-tree
'Tis there, they have played the love set.

A Pastel in Prose.



WITHOUT all was gray and misty. Clouds veiled the face of the sun. One stray beam alone had escaped and was wandering aimlessly about the earth. All else was dim, indistinct and hazy, and a fog hung over the land.

Within, 'twas Psychology hour, and all was gray and misty. The Professor lay back in his chair, with eyes half closed, murmuring something to himself and intently observing the processes of thought within his brain, as he made use of his powers of introspection. A Member of the Class in one corner of the room lay asleep and the aforesaid stray sun-beam shone contentedly in his face. All else was dim, indistinct and hazy and a dense fog of doubt and uncertainty hung over the minds of the Class.

Presently the Professor started. He had just caught sight of an Idea, wandering through one of the recesses of his brain. Quickly pursuing it, he at length grasped it and presented it triumphantly to the Class. "The first is necessarily free, but is therefore necessitated and is not free, hence not being free, it is not necessitated to be free and hence is free in spite of the necessity."

Without, the Sun shone forth. The fog was dispelled. Within, the Member of the Class in the corner awoke. Brightness shone on the faces of all. They beamed joyously up at the Professor. The fog of doubt was dispelled. The Class in Psychology had at length grasped an Idea. But the Boy, whose discretion had forsaken him, leaned forward and asked, "What does it all mean, Professor?"

Without, the Sun went back behind the clouds; the gray mist returned. Within, the Professor sank back in his chair, with his eyes closed and murmured softly to himself, "Fate, Immortality, Freedom," "Freedom, Immortality, Fate." The gray mist enveloped the Class. The Boy whose discretion had forsaken him hung his head. He saw the haze filling the minds of the Members of the Class and his heart sank within him. The Boy whose discretion had forsaken him knew that through his indiscretion the Class had lost the Idea.

The Path of Dreams.



Somewhere in the great dark world
Where the stars are wide and few,
I wander out through the paths of dreams,
And find my way to you.

I feel your hands fold close in mine,
I look into your eyes,
And deep within their clear, sweet depths
I see the lovelight rise.

And I know that one strong loving glance
And a hand touch more than pay
For all the pain and the weariness
And the absence of the day.

Dear heart, when I am tired and worn
And the hours seem bare and long,
The thought of the night that is drawing near,
Comes to me like a song.

For I know when dark falls over the world,
And the stars shine out anew,
I shall wander out through the path of dreams,
And find my way to you.

The Senior Talks.



THE Senior lifted his feet into the hammock beside me and blew out a cloud of smoke. I was spending the day with him, and on learning that I was about to enter his Alma Mater in the fall, he had begun to entertain me with a choice stock of yarns.

"No, I wasn't hazed much," he said in reply to a question. "I was green enough to feed cows when I entered, but I kept it to myself. Once a few Sophs invited me to a midnight snipe-hunt on the marshes, and I—went. They put me in a foot of mud and water, with a lantern to draw the snipe, and a bag to trap them in, and went off to drive them in. I waited two hours without seeing either snipe or Sophs, and then got tired and came home. As a matter of fact there haven't been any snipe around College for fifteen years. So when the Sophomores invite you to hunt snipe, tell them you're otherwise engaged."

"I suppose the classes still have rushes?" I hazarded.

"I should remark. The first Monday in November is Bloody Monday, which is given up to fighting, and when Soph meets Fresh, then comes the tug of war."

"And when Soph meets Junior, then comes the lager beer?"

"Never, the Juniors go with the Freshmen, and the Seniors help the Sophs, if they care to take part at all," remembering his new found dignity. "Two years ago the Sophs caught our class president, locked him in an old house and dyed his hair scarlet. We broke in and smashed the house all to bits, and had all kinds of a row before we got him away. Three fellows had broken arms on our side, and the Sophs were all used up."

I shuddered in silence. Evidently college life was not all one grand, sweet song. The Senior lit a fresh cigarette and gazed off on the landscape.

"When we had our Freshman banquet," he continued, "I had a toast to deliver, and the day before the Sophs chased me, and I had to hide in the ice-box in a corner grocery. Then I got in a farm wagon and rode out in the country, where I boned my speech sitting in a hay mow. My classmates brought my dress suit out with them in a hack and a Junior brought my girl, so I made my speech after all in great style."

I laughed in enjoyment of his triumph, wondering whether similar experiences would ever be mine to tell. The Senior saw I was interested and rattled on.

"When the base-ball season came our class teams played a championship game. Our side won and the Sophs mobbed us, and we had the deuce of a scrap and almost tore down the grand stand before the police came and stopped the row."

"Do you do anything else at Castleton besides have class fights?" I inquired.

"Oh certainly," the Senior said readily, "but when I want stories I have to go outside of class-work routine and pick out the unusual things."

"Did you do any hazing yourself?"

"Hazing is dying out at Castleton," said my friend. "The Sophomores only interfere with a fellow who really needs its. During my second year one youngster made himself obnoxious by his awful conceit and general cussedness and we gave him a dose. We faked a note purporting to come from one of the town girls asking him to meet her on a certain street corner the next evening. It was a cold night with lots of snow and sleet, but Starr was on hand promptly at nine, and from a neighboring window we watched him hold up a lamp-post and swear at the weather. About half-past ten, two of us went over to him, said we were members of the Student Police Force, and said he must give some good reason for his presence there at that hour or go to jail. He couldn't say anything and we were about to march him off when I said that it was a bad night to take him there so late, and that if he would give his word of honor to report at the Police Station next morning he could go home now. He was glad enough to get away and willingly promised. Next morning we watched near the station, and about nine Starr came slinking down, and went in. In a few minutes he came out looking as if he had taken a bite of a sawdust sandwich, and dashed off up street. He never put on any more airs around college."

I registered a mental resolve that throughout my freshman year my demeanor should be a pattern of decorum.

The Senior was now in full tide of reminiscence.

"In my sophomore year the Faculty added a course in medicine to the curriculum and put up a large building for that purpose, with a main portion and two wings. We were jealous of the medics, and one night a few of us climbed up on the sloping roof of the new building, and painted across it, one word on each division, "Cash for Stiffs." Cost the Faculty a new coat of paint to cover it."

"Weren't you ever caught for that?"

"Not we," he answered, "there were no witnesses."

He was about to continue, but I cut him short by rising to go, for the afternoon was waning, and I had seven miles to cover on my wheel before supper.

"Well, I'm very pleased to have seen you," said the Senior, rising also, "I'll look you up in the fall and show you what good times we have there."

"Thank you very much," I replied. "I hope you will, Good-by." And so I rode away.

My friend was as good as his word, and showed me so many good times that I could not begin to recount them here. But if any fellow who wants to enter next fall will call on me, I shall be happy to pass on to him the experiences of the four happiest years of my life.

A Story in Outline.

(With no disrespect to the young ladies.)

- " Mr. F. Brown—Dear Sir," so the first letter ran,
Now that is conventional, surely !
" He'll never suspect me, the poor silly man,"
Said his fair correspondent demurely.
- " My Dear Mr. Brown." Hello ! what is this?
A change in her greeting already—
" Well, well, I'm surprised, but it comes not amiss,"
Said the happy and radiant Freddy.
- " Dearest Fred," was the third letter's opening line,
And Fred was in raptures instant.
He capered on air with a feeling sublime
To the tune of young Cupid's cantata.
- " My Own Darling Freddy," in plain black and white,
So read he with some trepidation.
Her " Own Darling Freddy " was up half the night,
So great was his heart's agitation.
- " Dearest Fred," " that's a bluff," said our friend with a smile,
Yet feeling a warning misgiving,
" I'll quietly bide me my time for awhile
And pretend no such person is living."
- " My Dear Mr. Brown." See the poor fellow start !
But an ending like this is not pleasing.
He placed a thermometer next to his heart,
And the mercury registered " freezing."
- " Mr. F. Brown—Dear Sir." The boys at the club,
Where his jokes had been ever so ready,
Are searching in vain for the cause of the " rub "
On unhappy, disconsolate Freddy !

La Critique.

He had written a book,
And to him said the critic,
With mischievous look
And a frown analytic—

Here is plenty of skill
And conviction courageous;
But your hero's named Bill,
And that is outrageous.

And you go on to say,
In your cunning abstraction,
Bill was cool in a fray
And collected in action.

'Tis against every rule,
And it can't be expected,
Though a bill may be cool,
It is seldom collected.



A Parting.

The stars are unveiling,
The round moon is sailing,
High up in the blue of the sky;
The crickets are droning,
The sea bar is moaning,
A lover is saying good bye.

A dozen sweet kisses,
The kindest of wishes,
A lingering wistfully near;
A yearning unbroken,
A prayer but unspoken,
There's much in the future to fear.

What ?



What comes to haunt me when I dream
And in my waking hours doth seem
As if it soon must make me scream ?——

English.

What's that of which I get my fill
And makes me work against my will
And through me sends a horrid chill ?——

Physics.

And whose declensions make me wink
And make my spirits downward sink
And frets me till I cannot think ?——

German.

What makes me wish with all my heart
A sudden, certain poisoned dart
Had ended Virgil at the start ?——

Latin.

What makes me jump from out my chair
With frightened, startled, unnerved stare
To catch me in its fatal snare ?——

Ethics.

What is the meaning of that bell
And what this sudden fearful spell
Of terror which I know so well ?——

Lessons.

“Faint Heart Ne’er Won Fair Lady.”



He had heard that simulation of a modest trepidation,
Was a diplomatic measure when a lover came to woo,
That the bolder the advances all the sooner came mischances,
And to feign a mien uncertain was a clever thing to do ;
So he gave a vague suggestion of the sentimental question,
He desired but lacked the courage to deliberately ask,
And he thought it must be written on his face that he was smitten,
If she loved him, he decided, she would penetrate the mask.
But the maiden's intuition was in comatose condition,
So he said with spacious frankness to the captivating maid,
“ What is proper for a lover who is anxious to discover,
If his lady love is willing ; but to ask her is afraid ? ”
Said the maiden captivating with the roses alternating
In a feverish effusion with the lilies on her cheek,
“ That's a point which men of mettle for themselves will have to settle,
Fortune only comes to mortals who have vim enough to seek ”
And the lover did he tumble ? did he drop his manner humble ?
Did he follow where the maiden made the way as smooth as silk ?
Did he ! what a foolish question ; yes, he caught the sweet suggestion,
For he hadn't left when Nora came to bring the morning's milk.

A Twentieth Century Essay.



ALL great men write essays ; therefore you will readily understand why it is positively necessary for me to write an essay. A truly brilliant essayist invariably selects commonplace subjects, in order that he may embellish and elevate them by the power of his great genius ; which sufficiently explains my reason for choosing the following subjects. Now, I might, perchance, have discoursed to great length upon multifarious, uninteresting topics—Egotism, for instance ; but here my intuitive power is called into play and I see that more general and convivial subjects will be better appreciated ; therefore I have selected : Love and its Attributes.

Love is an inconceivable, immeasurable, imponderable, weightless, colorless, odorless, tasteless substance which pervades all space and permeates all animal life.

It may be divided into three distinct classes : like, love and adoration ; each productive of different phenomena, and detected by distinctive manifestations. Like is that mild, pleasant, congenial form of love which exists between a student and his Latin lesson. Love, in its primary sense, is a fuller, stronger, and more mature development of the first-mentioned form ; such as is exhibited by one neighbor for another in kindly loaning brushes, pokers, bootjacks, and sundry indispensable household articles (disregarding, of course, the howling canine in the back yard). Adoration is the climax, *c'est à dire*, it often forms one ; it is that wild, ridiculous, irresistible attraction, devoid of perpetuity, which creates facts of verisimilitudes, mountains out of mole-hills, and in which the intervening medium oftentimes becomes so highly attenuated that the party of the first part is found in close proximity to the party of the second part, to the great detriment of lessons. The unit volume of adoration is that quantity which a student must exert in the Eng. room at 90° Fahrenheit, in order to conscientiously affirm that he enjoys the English recitation.

There are three plausible theories of love, in its most comprehensive sense, which we shall enumerate consecutively.

First, the attraction called love may be due, like inductive static electricity or magnetic influence, to stresses and strains in the intervening medium ; at least, it often manifests itself through such phenomena—a hug, for instance.

Second, the feeling called love may be propagated through space by successive condensations and rarefactions in the ethereal atmosphere surrounding all matter. Manifestations in support of this theory are hardly less emphatic than those of the first—a kiss may be cited as an example.

Third, love may be a feeling which exists proportionally in all persons at their birth. But through a combination of the foregoing influences with time the molecules of matter undergo such revolutionary changes that this feeling is distributed unequally between persons, some having more and others less than the average quantity.

Unlike electricity, those having more are not attracted by those having less, as will be easily ascertained by an experiment with an ardent young lover and a superannuated spinster; neither are similar kinds of the lesser quantity attracted. A pleasing experiment in verification of this assertion may be performed by shutting up an old bachelor and an old maid in a rapid-draught room and allowing them to regulate the temperature. But *like* kinds of the plus quantity visibly attract, especially if the conductors be of opposite substances of ready permeability and of great retentivity.

There are, however, a few exceptions to this last statement, as may be seen by taking instantaneous expression photographs of various Columbian students while being acted upon by certain adverse inductive influences. Many persons, including the writer, prefer the last theory because it practically *embraces* the former two.

In a previous paragraph I have mentioned a kiss as one of the most trustworthy and emphatic manifestations of this subject. It might be well, therefore, before closing to insert a short expository paragraph upon this phenomenon, especially as I have observed that many, girls in particular, are grievously in ignorance of its proper use. A careful perusal of the following clear and concise rules of grammar bearing upon the question at issue may serve to enlighten some in this respect:

Kiss is a conjunction because it connects.

It is a verb, signifying to act and be acted upon; the case being governed by circumstances.

It is a preposition, showing there is no relation between the parties.

A pronoun, because it stands for a noun.

A noun, the name of osculatory action, both common and proper; second person, plural number, masculine and feminine gender; may be conjugated but never declined.

Well I must desist from this rambling discourse upon sentimental frivolities; methinks that I have tired you already, and besides I have an appointment with President McKinley this evening, in which to open negotiations for furnishing the necessary power from Great Falls to run the ponderous wheel of legislation, so that our bellicose Congress may enlist for the war with Spain.

My only hope is that one and all of you have become so thoroughly permeated with the profound logic of Bacon, and the touching pathos of Lamb, that you will relish this bit of foolish nonsense from the equivocal pen of—

SIR WELDONE BEEFSTAKE.

The Sayings of the Columbian Confucius.



He that knoweth most as a freshman, if he know not less as a sophomore, will know least as a senior.

As good wine needeth no bush, so the possessor of virtue needeth not incessantly to prate thereof.

If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; and if thine eye see not to comprehend thy lessons, hie thee to an oculist and avoid flunking in thy exams.

The freshman class that is grievously hazed maketh a sorry bed for its successor.

The Prof. who keepeth all his students at a distance is considered "stuck up;" he that is nice only to a few is reputed "partial;" he that is friendly to all is called "undignified." Verily, in the words of the fabulist, "it is difficult to suit everybody and the ass in the bargain."

A pretty face maketh an easy course to a degree.

She that censureth her fellow-student as a "promiscuous flirt" is usually she that hath never had a chance herself.

Praise not a fair day until evening; for the same reason rip not thy professor up the back until thy exams are safely passed.

Time and chance happen to all men. Therefore, await thine own; and take not away the time or the chance of thy neighbor.

If thou wouldest be sure of one staunch supporter in thy quest for office, write thine own name on thy ballot.

When thou takest upon thyself to direct the conduct of thy classmate, beware lest thou resemble in another respect a guide-post, in that thou pointest a way in which thou walkest not.

There are two ways of surpassing thy rival in the esteem of thy contemporaries: by proclaiming abroad thy rival's shortcomings, and by amending thine own.

A Lecture from G-r-.



Wen Plato taught de youthful Greek,
'E 'ad a string of yarns to spin,
'Bout one for every page 'e'd speak ;
De Greek 'e heard and laughed like sin.

Old Plato knowed them yarns was dead ;
De Greek, 'e knowed it too, wut's wuss,
But 'is exams 'ung o'er 'is head,
And so 'e laughed—the same as us.

For wen de Doctor springs some tale
Dat's kicked about since Lord knows wen,
We doesn't yawn to show it's stale,
But laughs like sin—de same as den.

NICK FLUNKS.



THE kindly sun with streaming rays
Aslant thy silent bier,
Reflects the thoughts of other days—
The days of love and cheer.

The above little verse was rewritten by Mr. John
Sherman in the following manner :

The kindly sun with streaming rays
Aslant my glass of beer,
Reflects the only thoughts I have,
Because I love it dear.

Half Way Doin's.



Belubbed fellow trabelers : I'm holding forth to-day
I doesn't quote no special verse fo' what I has to say.
De sermon will be very short, and dis here am de text :
Dat " Half way doin's is no 'count fo' dis world or de next.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a goin' jes' as fas' as fas' could be ;
Do you s'pose dat dey could eber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last, if dey had stopped to fish ?

Half way doin's, brethern ! It'll never do, I say,
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play,
For even if the crop is good, de rain will spoil de bolls,
Unless you keep a pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a plowin' and a hoein' and a scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what yer owes ;
But if you quits a working ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbly upon eberthing you's got.

I thanks you fo' de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon,
Sister Metcalf will oblige us by de raisin' ob a tune
I see dat Brudder Harlan's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's, when it comes to dat.

As Heard in Class.



Prof. Wilbur : "What is the meaning of 'Go to' in this sentence?"

Bright Senior : "Oh, that's Shakespearean for 'come off.'"

Prof. Wilbur (delivering a lecture) : "This is one of the places where Shakespeare refers to Queen Victoria."

Prof. Wilbur (absent-mindedly) : "Yes, Jefferson died in 1826; the next may take up his life from there."

Prof. Pollard : "What did the children of Israel do after they came through the Red Sea?"

Bright Junior : "Dried their clothes."

Prof. Gore : "In this manner we calculate D."

Student : "What is the significance of D?"

Prof. Gore : "Oh, it has none, unless it has a — after it."

Prof. Lodge : "Philosophy is a tree whose roots grow upward and blossom."

Prof. Brooks (in Latin class) : "Let the form of the perfect participle be dam."

Prof. Lodge (in political economy) : "You can *teach* men these things; you can even teach them to women!"

"Le même petit fouillis de dentelles."

"The same little bunch of teeth." H. B. Fuller.

"C'est un méchant et un menteur."

"He is a merchant and a liar." G. C. Hoover.

"Tous les quatre marchaient dans une allée."

"All four marched into an alley." H. B. Smith.

"Notre armée était réduite à cinq cents."

"Our army was reduced to five cents."

"Je vais en bas retrouver tout ce monde."

"I am going down below to find all the world."

G. C. Hoover.

Mr. Stuart (reading) : "'La tenir dans ses bras.' I don't know just what that means."

Mr. Henning : "Then your education has been sadly neglected."

ECHOES FROM THE LATIN QUARTER.

Prof. Brooks (on exercise day) : "The 'rum' form of the verb is better here."

Student (in undertone) : "I prefer the 'gin' form."

Prof. Brooks : "Mr. Stuart, where is the period in your sentence?"

Mr. Stuart : "There is no period until half way through the sentence and that's a colon."

Mother Goose at Columbian.



Hey diddle, diddle, here's for a riddle,
What makes our Quincey so bad?
Why does he shirk and why doesn't he work
And be a nice, studious lad?

Hush-a-by baby, dear little man,
Downing the year book whenever you can,
Sleep little Whitney, soundly and true,
Till all of our work is over and through.

Pretty *Penny* went a fishing
For to catch a whale,
But all the fish that she did catch
Were in another's pail.

Up, baby Bunting,
'Tis time to go a hunting
To earn a little sheep-skin
To wrap our Tootse's honors in.

Cock-a-doodle-do,
Studies from eight to two,
Respirability, permeability,
That's what Charley "do."

Florence and Blanche, in every branch,
Toil hand in hand together,
Where'er Blanche be, you'll surely see
Florence come following after.

Little Miss Hance, pray give her a chance
To read of her German prose,
She reads it straight and up to date,
Her lesson well she knows.

Three blind mice ! Three blind mice !
Faris *Darts* toward the right,
Altschu likes to creep at *Knigh*t
Hoover seeks the *Baker's* sight,
Three blind mice !

From a Recent Lecture.

"The sailors sat around on deck drinking coffee and so forth,"

"And the tugs came up blowing their whistles and shouting"—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The most appropriate words to quote at this point are—Please turn that slide the other end up."



It is related that one of our janitors, on entering the mathematics room one day after the Freshman Class had left, saw written on the board, "Find the *Greatest Common Divisor*," and was overheard to exclaim: "Well, is that thing lost again?"



Mr. HARLAN: As we believe in encouraging confessions, we publish your humble tribute, but we warn you that you will probably receive a good supply of letters from inquisitive people asking for *Fuller* particulars:

"To College Girls:

"Toys of an hour;

Yet still we hug the dear delusion."

THE Frat girls had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere the members went
That lamb was sure to go.

Into the English room, one day,
It poked its woolly nose,
And Professor Wilbur led it back—
(Or so the story goes).



Mr. MAYNARD:

A youth of stature and of muscle great,
Who boasts at an extraordinary rate;
Among the college maids he takes the cake—
But in the cane rush—ah! he was a fake.

A Novel in Three Chapters.

CHAP. I. Maid one.

CHAP. II. Maid won.

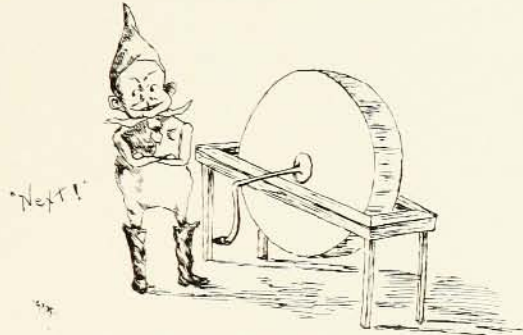
CHAP. III. Made one.



Apropos of a Cane Rush.

Cutter and Maynard waxed bold and loudly said,
"Come, boys, we'll paint the Freshmen in this little town
quite red."
But when the foe was mustered and they saw them strongly
led
The valiant Ned and Colton got sick and went to bed.

GRINDS



"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small"

GREEK CLASS: "Oh! ἴσθημι, sweet ἴσθημι,
Thy hissing sound brings bliss to me"

ETHICS LECTURES: "Like glimpses of forgotten dreams."

CHEMICAL LAB.: "Perfumes they may be rich and old
Which in here greet our noses,
But you can't ever make us think
It is the scent of roses."

COLLEGE SPIRIT: When found, please make a note of it.

Π Β Φ GOAT: "Joke freely with the animal, but don't play with
its tail."

CHAPEL ATTEND-
ANCE: "Nature
abhors a vac-
uum"—so do we.
CHAPEL CHORUS:
"The Choir In-
visible."

FACULTY MEETING:
"As merry as the
day is long."

GLEE CLUB: "Sen-
timentally we are
disposed to har-
mony, but organ-
ically we are inca-
pable of a tune."

A DEED OF DREAD-
FUL NOTE: "Paint-
ing Freshman
signs on brick
walls."

FRENCH LECTURES: "To be great is to be misunderstood."

ENOSINIAN: "They will talk,—Great gods! how they will talk."

TRIG. FORMULAS: "Out of mind as soon as out of sight."

SOPHOMORE BANNER AFTER CAPTURE: "A thing of shreds and
patches."

CANE RUSH: "We have met the enemy and we are theirs."

GRADUATION: "One far-off divine event, toward which the world of
college moves."

FIRST TERM IN LAB.: "A chapter of accidents."

COLUMBIAD BUSINESS MANAGERS: "We have worked like preserved
fruit."

BULLETIN BOARD: "Confusion worse confounded."

Faculty.

"The world knows nothing of its great men."

PRES. WHITMAN: "When he appeared a secret pleasure gladdened all
who saw him."

DEAN HUNTINGTON: "He bore without abuse the grand old name of
gentleman."

PROF. LODGE: "Yes, suh; I'se fo' democracy, but my blood am
blue."

PROF. MUNROE: "If you want a thing done quickly, take it to a busy
man."

PROF. HODGKINS: "Of gentle manners, but resolute indeed."

PROF. WILBUR: "Did I smile? I beg your pardon."

PROF. RAMSEY: "Officially I am as severe as Cato, unofficially — !!!"

PROF. SWISHER: "A man he is to all the college dear
For passing history students through the year."

PROF. SCHOENFELD: "I want to be a soldier and with the soldiers
fight,
A pitchfork in my left hand and torpedoes in
my right."

PROF. STERRETT: "We are sorry the Doctor has suffered from mumps
However, his classes have not been such chumps
As to waste vacant hours in having the dumps."

PROF. FIREMAN: "I am an upright Pole."

PROF. BROOKS: "He is a good man and a just."

PROF. POLLARD: "His ready help was ever nigh."

PROF. GORE: "I'm going up north to Joseph's Land
To visit the polar bears,
And when I return my jokes will be grand.
Let him fail to laugh who dares!"

Seniors.

"What we know is very little; what we think we know is immense."

R. P. CLARK: "An eye like Mars to threaten and command."

QUIROF HARLAN: "My sober friend, how worn your looks,
Your heart is in your mouldy books."

MARY S. HINMAN: "Sero post tempus venis."

THATCHER CLARK: "Most musical, most melancholy."

C. G. STORM: "Make me no long orations."

A. R. STUART: "Love me little, love me long."

H. H. D. STERRETT: "He wears the rose of youth upon him."

ELISE BRADFORD: "Is there any infamy in sound money?"

G. CARROLL HOOVER: "I consider caps and gowns childish."

FRANCES M. JACOBS: "A face that's best
By its own beauty drest
And can alone commend the rest."

GEORGIE SANDERLIN: "I can make a noise if I try to."

GERTRUDE E. METCALF: "Hold their noses to the grindstone."

Juniors.

"All we ask is to be let alone."

PRESTON RAY: "I am off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and thee, dear."

ELSIE MCKELDEN: "She has two eyes so soft and brown,
She gives a side glance and looks down;
Trust her not, she's fooling thee."

E. K. CUTTER: "Of all the boys I ever met
He maketh me most sad
Who relates his petty vices
To make me think he's bad."

W. MITCHELL: "His study was but litel on the Bible."

W. UNDERWOOD: "Who says in verse what others say in prose."

LIDA DRAPER: "The one who has much common sense knows
good deal."

L. S. BROWN: "He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."

R. HARLAN: "I am but a pilgrim here,
Heaven is my home."

FRANCES NEWLANDS: "Sweet things are done up in small packages."

Hobson's studying for the church
And Beatty for the steeple."

G. Emery Green, the warmest we've seen
With stockings, a pink and blue tie;
He bought him a horse, which he rode through the course
Without e'en a Livy near by.

Sophomores.

"Some of us are wise and some are otherwise."

G. B. CHASE: One good term deserves another (but two good terms
don't necessarily deserve a third).

LILLIAN SHERMAN: "The sweetest desert with a flavor of spice."

ELSIE PARKINSON: "Tread softly; don't wake the baby."

EUNICE PENNYWITT: "This is my busy day."

COLTON MAYNARD: "Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

EDNA WESCOTT: "The soul of business and dispatch."

MATILDA WRIGHT: "I want to know, you know."

ROSALIE ROBINETTE: "Oh that I were a bird, that I might *Chase*
dull care away."

G. KELLY: Energy is my prevailing characteristic.

C. B. KELLER: Beneath his calm exterior lies concealed the secrets
of the ages.

S. N. HAWS: Compared with Tennessee stumps, Greek roots are easy.

J. A. LARCOMB: One vast, substantial smile.

Haughty Domer sat on a board—
Haughty Domer was suddenly floored,
And all his frat's pull
And all his frat's men
Couldn't raise him unto that place again.

Freshman.

"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as makes the angels
weep."

Though other classes may be bright
And stand well in the public sight,
The greatest class beneath the sun
Is now forever—naughty-one!!

So J. Sherman says.

Mr. Hugh G. Foster is probably the best sprinter in college. When
he first came he ran for office; next he tried to run the election
for the Cleveland delegates, and now he has run to seed.

Q. A. GILMORE: "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

H. B. SMITH: Poems he writes to beat the band,
His brain is sixteen stories high,
But when he tries to crack a joke—
Oh, my!

H. B. FULLER: Chewing gum does not agree with me.

J. SHERMAN, JR.: As big a bluff as stands by river's banks.

G. M. FARIS: 1898—I'll be our class president yet; just watch my
smoke.
1899—Watch my smoke
1900—Smoke—only smoke.

J. W. MATSON: "Linked sweetness long drawn out."

At the present time Mr. Ecker holds the record for tearing the green
cloth off the library tables—one
square yard in forty-four seconds.

SLAYBAUGH: Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

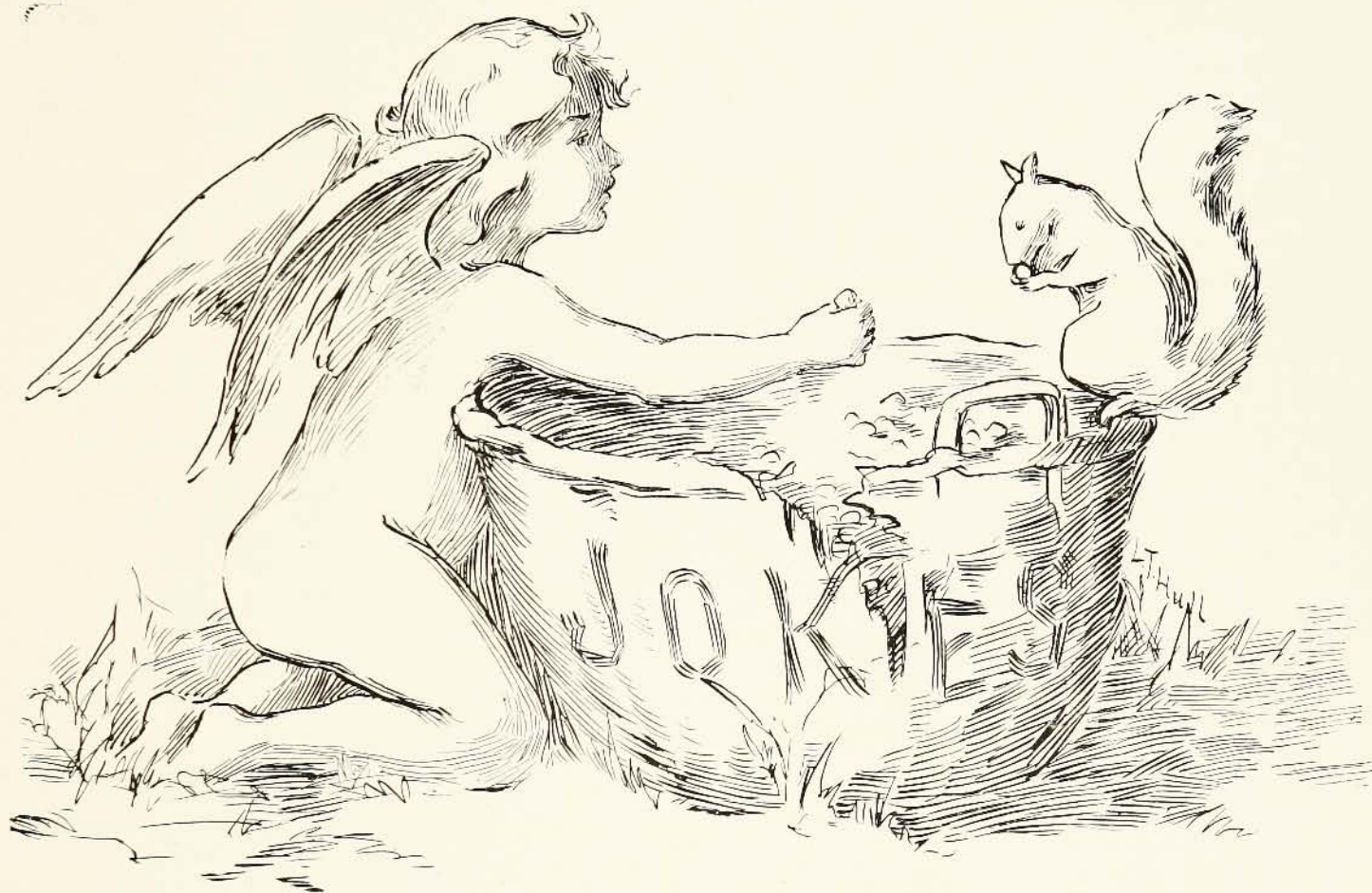
MERRILL: Not the famous steed with the ox-like head,
Nor the nag on which the poets soar,
E'er did so much to earn his bread
As the little pony in my drawer.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear"—'or still up.



NEW BOOKS.

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| "Confessions of a Bachelor, or a Romance of Yesterday." | Wm. D. Sterrett. | "The Heavenly Twins." | Mr. Clark and Miss Jacobs. |
| "The Tribulations of An Office-Seeker." | J. A. Larcombe, D. D. | "A Pocket Encyclopedia of General Information." | E. Kendall Cutter. |
| "Nineteen Years Above the Clouds." | H. Tennyson Domer. | "Our Call to Duty and Our Duty to the 'Call.'" | I. Q. H. Alward. |
| "In Darkest Columbian." | Wilbur Underwood. | "What Fools These Mortals Be: A Philippic on Poets and Punsters." | J. Henry Altschu. |
| "The Last Revolution of the Poles." | Quirof Harlan. | "Her Grace, Queen Isabella." | G. Emery Green. |
| "Under Three Flags." | Prof. Hermann Schoenfeld. | "Beauties of Ancient Alexandria." | G. Carroll Hoover. |
| "The Critic and Other Criticisms." | Miss Gertrude E. Metcalf. | "How to Win the Hearts of a Congregation." | Rolvix Harlan. |
| "Hints on Sheep Raising." | The Fraternity Girls. | "I Need thee Every Hour; an Ode to the Water Cooler." | Prof. Ramsey. |
| "The Romance of Zion Chapel." | Harlan the Galilean. | "The Comedy of Sentiment." | L. S. Brown. |



THE WRONG CONFIDANTE.

Minnie—"Captain Foster has never paid me any attention before, but he danced with me four times last night."

Maud—"Oh, well, it was a charity ball, you remember."

Hicks—"I felt so queer last night after I went to bed. My head was spinning around awfully."

Wicks—"You probably slept 'like a top.'"

He—"After we are married life will be one grand, sweet song."

She—"And the first time you are out you will forget the key."

"A man dropped his wig on the street, and a boy who was following close behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him. 'Thanks, my boy,' said the owner of the wig. 'You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen.'"

"A New York philanthropist has just enlarged the skating rink at Vassar."

"So I hear. All the college needs now is an endowed caramel counter."

There was a young man in Bordeaux,
Whose hair was as yellow as teaux,

"It's too bad," he sighed,

"I must go get it dighed ;"

But he never had courage to geaux.

THE SAME OLD MYSTERY.

The lovers have but a block to go,

But they walk and walk and walk and walk ;

Two souls are they with a single thought,

Yet they talk and talk and talk and talk.

AND HE WILTED.

"Did you fall?" said a man rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement this morning.

"Oh, no," said she, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."—*Atchison Globe*.

First Freshman—"Oh, say! Have you heard about the marriage of the bee to the lightning bug, so they could work at night?"

Second F.—"No; but Uncle Sam Haws is grafting the milkweed on to his strawberry plant, so he can have strawberries and cream growing on the same vine!"

A proverb that's trite,

But as true as it's old:

You can keep a fire hot,

By keeping it coaled.

What is the difference between a drop of sour cider and a little piccaninny?

One is a little bit of vinegar, and the other a little bit of a nigger.

Why is a retired milkman like the whale that swallowed Jonah?

Because they both got a profit out of the water.

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
Man is like unto a kerosene lamp:
He isn't especially bright;
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.



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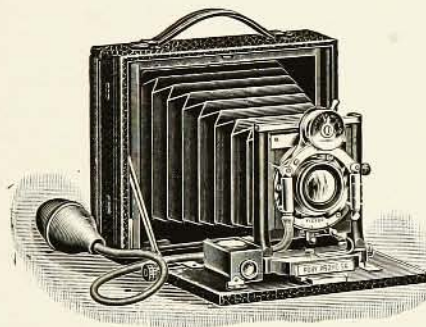
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He built in a circle,
Then tried to prove the elephant
Was equal to the turtle.

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A toiling father in life's busy snare,
An old, old man, with scant and whitened hair.

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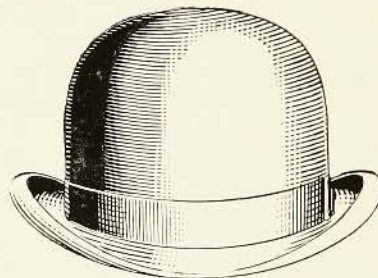
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—University Herald.



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With a sudden start I awake
And want to burn him at the stake
Or send him to Trans-Stygian climes,
That newsboy with his "Extra Times."

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She frowned on him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.

And so in spite,
That very night,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"
The trembling student said,
"I cannot think at present,
But I have it in my head."

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In mastering ancient lore?"
"I did so well," replied the son,
"They gave me an encore ;
The Faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year."
—*Trinity Tablet.*

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